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# A VINDICATION OF PROVIDENCE:

## OR, A TRUE ESTIMATE OF HUMAN LIFE.

IN WHICH

The *Paſſions* are conſidered in a New Light.

Preached in St. GEORGE's Church near *Hanover-Square*, ſoon after the late *King*'s Death.

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By E. YOUNG, LL.D.

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TO THE

# QUEEN.

MADAM,

IF the following Diſcourſe is as Happy in its Execution, as it is Important in its Deſign, It will not be, (give me leave to ſay) altogether unworthy of a Royal Patronage.

THE Deſign is of great conſequence; and I think, New: It is to remove a Prevailing, and Inveterate Miſtake, which firſt ſprang, and now thrives in a Soil too indulgent to it, and a Soil too difficultly ſubdued, the *Pride*, and *Ill-Nature*, and *Melancholy*, and *Vice* of mankind. I mean, MADAM, That falſe Opinion, That Reflection on Providence, "That

"This World is, in its own Nature, That is, "by God's Appointment, a World of Sorrow, "a Scene of Misery, a Vale of Tears; and "that to *Be* in it, is to *Be wretched* una-"voidably." Whereas this Treatise shall endeavour to make it manifest, That Providence is not only Gracious in the Composition, studious of the Accommodation, Preventive of the Accidents, Corrective of the Mistakes, and liberal to the Wants, but lavish also to the Luxuries of Man; and that God does not only permit, but *enable* us, and not only enable, but *enjoin* us, to be Happy; Happy, to a much greater Degree than we are, That is, than we *chuse* to be.

NOR is that Error I combat, an Error of the Vulgar, Unlearned, or Sinful only; But the Learned, Wise, and Good, have fatally contributed their sacred Authority towards the Propagation, and Establishment of it: Either through inadvertency, or the Resentment of *present* Pain, or an indiscreet, tho' well intended Zeal, in the recommendation of a Better World.

*MOST* of them have, as it were casually, let fall from their Pens, which pursued some other

other Principal Point, too ſevere, and unguarded Intimations to the Diſcredit of our *preſent* State: *Many* have made an Invective on this Life, a *general* Drift that mingled itſelf in all their Diſcourſes, and Converſations: And *ſome* have made it their *particular* Theme, and avowedly, determinately, and ſtrictly drove at this very Point; without adjoyning the true Cauſes, the proper Cures, the right Uſes, and ſalutary Effects of *our* Misfortunes and Pains; and thus have left *Grounds*, of Future Argument againſt the *Goodneſs*, and thrown a Preſent Cloud over the *Glory* of the Great Diſpoſer of Events, the *King* of *Time*, and of *Eternity*.

LET, MADAM, One of His moſt ſhining Repreſentatives on Earth, patronize, and vindicate a *Vindication* of *His Providence*; Let One of the Principal *Ornaments of Human Life* indulge *a True Eſtimate of it*; Let Her graciouſly defend a Refutation of an Error, which flows from a Decay of That *Faith*, of which our dread Sovereign is the great *Defender*; and, which leads to a Corruption of That *Morality*, of which her own correct Conduct is the Diſtinguiſh'd *Glory*. Let that Queen, who is nearly concern'd in the *ſad*

*Occaſion*

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*Occaſion* that turn'd my Thought on this Subject, take it into Her Protection; Her *Protection* will recommend it to the World, and Her *Example* will ſupply the Defects of this Compoſition on it.

AND, MADAM, as your Example *will* aſſiſt me, So that Good Providence, whoſe Ways I preſume to aſſert, Grant, that Your Fortune *may* too! That Your moſt ſacred Majeſty, from this joyful, and unclouded *Morning* of your Reign, may ſhine forth a long, and illuſtrious *Day*, as an unanſwerable *Inſtance* of *Temporal* Happineſs, and an unqueſtionable *Heir* of *Eternal*, is the conſtant, and fervent Prayer of,

MADAM,

*Your Majeſty's moſt Obedient,*

*And moſt Dutiful Subject,*

E. YOUNG.

# The PREFACE.

I *KNOW not well why, but the* Passions *are a Favourite Subject with Mankind: The Reason may possibly be, Because Men are much concern'd with them, both as to themselves, and Others; and where we have a* Self-concern, *we have an* Attention. Or, *Because they are such Powerful, and Universal Springs, that almost all the Pleasures, Pains, Designs, and Actions of Life are owing to Them; and therefore it is our* Interest *to* know *them well: Or, Because every Man carrying them in his own Breast, He thinks he knows them well* already, *and is therefore an Able Judge of* such *Compositions; And thus his* Pride *has a Fondness for them: Or, Because the Passions, like the Boy at the Fountain, fall in love with their own Representation: Or, Because many are all Passion, and if Men consider a Treatise on the Passions, as a History of Themselves, it is no wonder they read it with Pleasure. Or, Because what a most celebrated* Antient *writ on this Subject is lost, to the great Regret of the Learned, and Polite World, which is studious of some Reparation of that Loss; and the more so, because what other* Antients *have left on that Head, is Imperfect and Short.*

*BEING sensible how difficult it is to gain* Attention *for Works of Divinity, I have insisted more on the* Passions, *than any other Head of the following Discourse; in hopes of a more welcome Reception prepar'd for it, by that general Taste, or Disposition of Heart, which I have mentioned. I have mark'd the* Distinctions, *and* Peculiarities *of the* Passions, *with some Care.*

*A* French *Author, has treated of them with such Accuracy, and Applause, that it conciliated to him the parti-*

particular Favour of a celebrated Queen, who wept for the Death of the Author of that Piece, though she had never seen the Man.

BUT He had a wrong Byass on him through the Whole to the Prejudice of it; Nor could I reap any Advantage from Him beside that of having such an Example of Industry, and Discernment; of which, what use I have made I do not Hope, but Fear the Reader will too easily perceive. That Author indeed displays the Passions at large, and pursues them into all their several Branches, whereas I could find Room for the Primary, or Radical Passions only, at present; but they may, one Day shoot, under Her Majesty's benign Influence, (who like the Queen above-mentioned, is the greatest Encourager of Arts) and give that one Tree of Human Knowledge its entire Growth.

BUT as Imperfect as the Discourse now is, (of which I am very sensible) I persuade my self the Reader will find an Uncommon Variety in it; And that the Observations, which are by no Means drawn from Books, but the Life, are so far Just, that any one who is at the Pains of looking on them, may possibly find Truths which his own Experience can attest, and thus be a Witness, as well as a Judge of what is Here written: He may find some Traces, some Features of his own Condition, as the Trojan met his own Picture on a Foreign Shore. I wish, (a rare Wish in a Writer) that I could be refuted in what is Here advanc'd, for some of the Truths are very melancholy. I hope the Great Length will be excused, since the Nature of the Subject might easily have betray'd me into a much greater Transgression against the Common Limits of This kind of Writing.

IF this Piece in any tolerable Degree answer its Title, a Perusal will not be thrown away upon it. For I look on it as one of the Desiderata in Literature, and that of the neareſt, and most General Concern to Man,

## COLOSS. iii. 2.

# *Set your Affections on Things above, and not on Things on the Earth.*

WE by no Means queſtion, but that the Birth, and Life, and Death, and Reſurrection of our Lord, were Acts of infinite Merit; Merit ſufficient to ſatisfy God's Juſtice, and bring Sinners to the Terms of Reconcilement, and Salvation: But we muſt not imagine that they wrought any Change, or Confuſion in the Nature of Things. God is as pure as ever, and Iniquity is as much his Averſion: Though he can be reconciled to *Sinners*, he cannot be reconciled to *Sin*; and tho' the Sinner may be ſaved, he cannot be *ſaved* unleſs he, firſt, be *changed*; for Heaven has no more Admittance for Corruption, than it had before. And therefore the unchangeable Holineſs of God requires, that, notwithſtanding all our Lord has done to ſave us, we ſhould ſtill *work out our own Salvation*, by a Conformity to his *Example*, as well as a Dependance on his *Merit*: nor,

moſt

moſt impiouſly, make his Merit an Encouragement of Sin.

FOR this Reaſon, the Chriſtian is called on to be born, to live, to die, and to riſe again, in a *Moral* Senſe; for in the *Natural*, all theſe Acts are Acts of Neceſſity. Theſe Expreſſions import ſo many ſeveral Stages in the Chriſtian Courſe.

BY *Nature* we are born of Fleſh and Blood, which gives us a Conſtitution fond of what is *preſent*, and careleſs of what is *future*: And therefore to ſecure the future, we are told, that the Spirit of God is a new Principle of Life, which, when received into the Soul, will impreſs on it new Thoughts, new Aims, and new Deſires; and to receive this Principle, and theſe Impreſſions, is the Chriſtian *Birth*.

BY *Nature* we live a Life of Senſe and Self-will, which is deſtructive of our eternal Intereſt; and therefore we are enjoined to take the Will of Chriſt for our Rule, and his Practice for our Example; and this is the Chriſtian *Life*.

BY *Nature* we die thro' a Separation of Soul and Body; but this Separation makes it well with none, with whom it was not well before; and therefore we are enjoined to die to Sin; and this is the Chriſtian *Death*.

BY *Nature* (or by God's Appointment in Nature) we are to riſe again, whether we will, or no; but nothing that is of pure Force can produce an Effect to any one's ſpiritual Advantage; and therefore are we to riſe by Choice; that is, *by ſetting our Affections on Things above*; and this is the Chriſtian *Reſurrection*; the Perfection of the Chriſtian State, and that which the Text particularly calls for. I

I SHALL begin with explaining the Words. The firſt Word in the original Text contains the whole Act of our Duty: We tranſlate it, *ſet your Affections*; but more is implied in it. We cannot *love* any Thing without *judging* of its Worth; or can we *judge* of the Worth of any Thing, without taking it into our *Thoughts*; aud the Word ſignifies each of theſe Acts, to * *think*, to † *judge*, and to ‖ *love*. Thus the whole Signification of the Word not only teaches us the whole *Act* of our Duty, but likewiſe the *Method* neceſſary for the Practice of it; *think*, *judge*, and then *love*.

THE next Words are *Things above*: Shewing the Object of our Duty. Now Things above, in the Style of Scripture, ſignifies the Things of *Grace*, and the Things of *Glory*. The Things of *Grace*, are Holineſs, Juſtice, Temperance, Charity, and all other Chriſtian Virtues. Prov. xv. 24. *The Way of Life is above to the Wiſe, that he may depart from Hell beneath*; that is, every wiſe Man will be religious; for this is the Way above, that upper, exalted Way that leads to Life: But Sin is the low, and ignominious Way; ſo low, that there is nothing beneath it but Hell, to which it leads.

SECONDLY, by Things above, are meant the Things of *Glory*; as the beatifick Viſion of God, the Preſence of Chriſt, the Converſation of Angels, the Fellowſhip of Saints; Bodies glorified, Souls ennobled, Faculties enlarged, and entertained with tranſporting Objects, and repleniſhed with unmixed Joys! All theſe Things are meant by Things above; And one would imagine that an Injunction could not be ungrateful, to *ſet our Affections on* Things like theſe.

AND

* Rom. xii. † Rom. xiv. 6. ‖ In the Text.

AND yet it is ungrateful to moſt of us; and that for this Reaſon, becauſe there are Things on the Earth too, Things contrary in their *Nature*, and inconſiſtent in their *Choice*, with the Things now mentioned: Pleaſant Things, and ſuch whoſe Pleaſures are preſent, and palpable, and always at hand: Pleaſures of Appetite and Senſe, thoſe winning Maſters, under whoſe Dominion we ſpend the firſt of our Years for *want* of Reaſon, and (too often) the reſt, in *ſpite* of it: Pleaſures, that thro' their Number, and Opportunity, and Prepoſſeſſion, and Cuſtom, get ſuch a fatal Aſcendant, that unleſs we are always on our Guard againſt them, our Love of *Things above* will either never ſpring, or (what is all one) never come to Maturity. And this is the Reaſon of that Caution ſuperadded in the laſt Words of the Text, *not on Things on the Earth.*

HAVING thus explained the Words, I proceed to ſhew the particular Method of practiſing the Duty contained in them; which conſiſts (as I have already intimated) in thoſe three Acts; Firſt, Thinking of; Secondly, Judging; Thirdly, Loving the *Things above.*

TO *think* of them is the beginning of our Duty. Nothing can Act on the Soul but by the Mediation of Thought; that which we think not of, moves us no more than that which is not: And therefore it is not ſo much the Beauty, or Excellency, or Grateſulneſs, or Fitneſs of an Object, as Thought that makes us love. The Object brings in the Matter, but Thought gives the Form to the Paſſion, and if we think not of a Thing, it is impoſſible we ſhould love it, be it never ſo lovely.

IF

IF therefore we would work ourselves to a proper Zeal for *Things above*, it is necessary that we should allow ourselves stated Seasons of thinking on them: We must call them into our Mind, and make them the Matter of our serious Contemplation, and then the most desirable Things will certainly move in us a suitable Desire.

NOR is it strange that Thought should be necessary to give us an *Affection* for Things *Spiritual* and *remote*, when it is necessary to give us a *Perception* of Things *sensible*, and *at hand*. The Eye may be open on an Object which it does not see; and the Ear struck with Sounds which it does not hear, if Thought is intensely engaged another Way. But small Attention, indeed, is necessary to give Things sensible, and present their full Force on us. And this is the Reason of that Advantage which earthly Things have on our Choice, above heavenly: They are immediate; their *Presence* is their *Power*. But religious *Thought*, and that only, can rob them of this fatal Advantage; which is a strong Argument for the Practice of this Duty; Thought can make absent Things present, take away the Distance between Earth and Heaven, and make an eternal Good, though future, a better Entertainment, and fuller Satisfaction to the Mind, than all the Pleasures of Sin, tho' at hand.

I CONFESS, indeed, since Heaven forces it self on our Thoughts, from a thousand Occasions, whether we will, or no; that many think of Heaven, and yet do not desire it as much as they ought; but this I affirm, that every Man desires it in Proportion to his Thinking: For no Man but wishes for Heaven, while Heaven is on his Mind; and if every transient Glance of Thought can procure

cure a *Wiſh*, it is a good Argument, that a fixed, and frequent Contemplation would produce no leſs than an effectual *Will*. If therefore we affect not Heaven enough, it is becauſe we contemplate it too little.

INDEED there is one ſtrange Conſideration which offers it ſelf on this Subject: Since our common Notion of Things above repreſents them as infinitely preferable to all other, how is it poſſible that they ſhould not ever engage our Thoughts? How is it poſſible, that Mankind which abhors nothing ſo much as Pain, ſhould not be for ever meditating on that Place, which we confeſs to be the Seat of perfect Exemption from it? How is it poſſible, that Mankind which toils out a weary Life in eager Purſuits of every *Appearance of Good*, ſhould forget That which we confeſs the *Supreme*? For it is too manifeſt, that as the Thoughts of Heaven, and heavenly Things enter moſt *rarely* into our Minds, ſo they hang the moſt *looſely* there, and are ſooneſt diſlodged from their ſlender Hold on us. Every new Object, tho' never ſo trifling, foreign, or abſurd, is ſufficient to divert us from the Importance of them.

THE Holy Scripture is frequent in aſſerting, that the Devil is actually, and perpetually converſant among us. His End and Buſineſs being to ſeduce, deceive, and deſtroy. Nor can there be a greater human Demonſtration of this Truth, than this Inſtance of our Thoughts, with regard to the Contemplation of eternal Happineſs; wherein their Slackneſs, Avocations, Startings, Wanderings, and Interruptions, are ſo unaccountable, ſo contrary to their Nature and Manner of Attention, when applied to worldly Objects, that they cannot ſeem to receive their Conduct from any Principle, either Volun-

Voluntary, or Mechanical, that is purely within our ſelves, but from the extrinſick Influence, and Injection of that evil Spirit. And accordingly we find him charged, *Mat.* xiii. 19. with this very Fact of ſnatching away *Good Thoughts* from the Heart of Man.

AND, indeed, if Men but grant that there is ſuch a Power, and that he can tempt us, (which, if we deny, we muſt ceaſe to be Chriſtians,) the Other follows of it ſelf: For the *Region* of the Soul, in which the Devil forges his Wiles to deceive us, is the *Imagination*; and his *Manner* of working is by forming Images, or exciting Motions there, which become the immediate Matter of our Thought; and his *Time* of working is then particularly, when he perceives our Minds are religiouſly diſpoſed; for then he is moſt afraid of looſing his Hold on us. And thence comes to paſs (what I fear all of us have perceived) that at the Seaſons of Devotion a Languor, and Inattention often comes over us, which we feel neither before, nor after: For then eſpecially, he attempts our Imagination, and throngs it with foreign Matter. As therefore my Text requires the *ſetting our Thoughts on Things above*, in order to create ſuch a Reliſh, and kindle ſuch a Deſire as is due to them; ſo, in order to ſetting our Thoughts on them, it is neceſſary to ſuperadd this Rule; That in the Seaſons aſſigned for ſuch Contemplation, we ſhould always guard our Thoughts with that Petition in the Lord's Prayer, *Deliver us from Evil*, that Evil-one (as it may be rendered) who is ever hovering round us to ſnatch away good Thoughts from our Hearts.

BUT a Perſuaſive to ſerious Contemplation (and nothing leſs than ſerious Contemplation is ſufficient) muſt ſeem ſtrange to ſo gay an Age, which has diſtinguiſhed

ſtinguiſhed itſelf by nothing more, than by carrying Diverſions to their greateſt, and moſt expenſive Height; *Diverſions*, which are the Reverſe of ſerious *Thought*: An Age, which particularly may be ſaid with *Sempronia*, * Pſallere, *& ſaltare elegantius quam neceſſe eſt Probæ.* Pecuniæ, *an* Famæ *minus parceret haud facile diſcerneres.* I cannot therefore but repeat what cannot, I think, fail of ſome Effect on all that hear it attentively.

" AH! my Friends! while we *laugh*, all Things " are *ſerious* round about us: God is ſerious, who " exerciſeth Patience toward us; Chriſt is ſerious, " who ſhed his Blood for us; the Holy Ghoſt is ſe- " rious, who ſtriveth againſt the Obſtinacy of our " Hearts; the Holy Scriptures bring to our Ears " the moſt ſerious Things in the world; the Holy " Sacraments repreſent the moſt ſerious, and awful " Matters; the whole Creation is ſerious in ſerving " God, and us; all that are in Heaven, or Hell, " are ſerious; how, then, can we be gay?" To give theſe excellent Words their full Force, it ſhould be known, that they came not from the *Prieſthood*, but the *Court*; and from a Courtier as eminent as *England* ever boaſted.

I SHALL now proceed to my *ſecond* Head, *Judging* of the *Things above*; which is the ſecond Act of our Duty. As *judging* of them without *thinking*, which ſome do, (or our Converſations and Preſſes would not be ſo guilty as they are,) is prepoſterous; ſo *thinking* of them without *judging*, is incompetent, and ſhort. We muſt therefore *judge* likewiſe of the *Things above*; that is, we muſt think of them *comparatively*, weigh them againſt all other Things, that may poſſible ſtand in Competition

* Saluſt.

with

with them; and ſo on a rational, and mature Deliberation, give them that Preference which they ſo well deſerve.

NOW this *ſecond* Act of the Soul is neceſſary for the fixing our Affections, for *this* Reaſon; becauſe the ſimple Act of *Thinking*, indifferently raiſes our Love to every Thing that is pleaſurable; but when *Judgment* comes to examine, and diſcern between thoſe pleaſurable Things, it will find that ſome of them muſt be foregone, and rejected of Neceſſity, becauſe they are inconſiſtent *with*, and deſtructive *of* each other. And this, in a particular Manner, is the Caſe between *Things above, and Things upon the Earth*; both of them offer Pleaſures, and ſuch Pleaſures as muſt neceſſarily engage our Affections, on our firſt Contemplation of them: But thoſe two kinds of Pleaſures are inconſiſtent; ſo contrary to each other, both in their Nature, and their Means; that it is impoſſible for *one* Soul to purſue both; ſuch, therefore, as entertain a diſtracted Inclination for both of them, are called in Scripture, Men of two Souls.

SINCE, then, it is neceſſary to *chuſe* one, in order to enjoy *either*, let our *Judgment* examine theſe two Competitors for our Affections, *Things above*, and *Things upon the Earth*, and ſee which of them is moſt likely to bring in the fulleſt Satisfaction to our Souls.

FIRST, let us put this World in the Ballance; and to avoid Confuſion in ſo wide a Subject, let us ſeparately conſider the different *Orders*, *Ages*, *Aims*, *Relations*, *Conſtitutions*, *Tempers*, and *Paſſions* of Men; and ſee this *Variety united* in Uneaſineſs and Complaint.

FIRST, As to their *Orders*. The *Peaſant* complains aloud; the *Courtier* in Secret repines: In *Want*, what Diſtreſs? In *Affluence*, what Satiety? The *Great* are under as much Difficulty to expend with Pleaſure, as the *Mean* to labour with Succeſs. In *Retirement*, what Oſcitancy, what Heavineſs? In the World, what Conflict, what Fatigue? The *Ignorant*, thro' ill-grounded Hope, are diſappointed; the *Knowing*, thro' Knowledge, deſpond. Ignorance occaſions Miſtake; Miſtake Diſappointment, and Diſappointment *is* Miſery: Knowledge, on the other hand, gives true Judgment: and true Judgment of Things below, gives a Demonſtration of their Inſufficiency to our Peace. *Good Fortune* makes the Will undiſciplined and diſſolute, the Imagination vain, the Paſſions ſtrong, and the Underſtanding weak: A miſerable State! *Affliction* is the beſt School of Wiſdom; no Volumes are an Equivalent for the Neceſſity of Reflection *that* lays us under; but then it muſt be confeſſed we pay dear for its Inſtruction: And ſince the End of Wiſdom is to lead us to Pleaſure, what ſignifies that Wiſdom which is accompanied with Pain?

THE *Marriage State* only *may* be the moſt happy, but *is* the moſt dangerous; as fruitful of Calamities, as it is of Relations; whoſe Capacity of being our greateſt Pleaſures, is likewiſe their Capacity of being our greateſt Pains. And if we conſult Experience more than Reaſon in this Point, we have Grounds to fear the worſt. Nor is Reaſon entirely on the other ſide; for if there are more Vices than Virtues, more unfortunate than fortunate Accidents in Life, the Ballance, in this State, will probably turn againſt us: The *Good* in it we look on as our Due, and therefore receive it coldly, and without a proper Emotion of Heart; the *Bad* is unexpected,

expected, and therefore keen the Reſentment of it: The Shaft is ſharp; the Surprize dips it in Poiſon, and doubles our Anguiſh. Both Parties look on all that the other can do for them as an abſolute *Debt*: This Notion leaves Both a much leſs Power to *oblige*, than to *diſguſt*; and conſequently makes Diſquiets almoſt unavoidable.

THE *State of Celebacy*, unleſs it can work out an *artificial* Happineſs for the Abſence of Evils, which requires a peculiar Strength of Mind, is a deſert, melancholy, and diſconſolate State: At the Maturity of Life, tender Affections awake in the Heart, which demand their proper Objects, and pine for the want of them. In this State of Celebacy, they muſt either be extinguiſhed, or continued without Gratification: The *firſt* is a great Violence to Nature; the *ſecond*, her laſting Pain; and a Pain of that Kind, which furniſhed the *Platoniſts* with their principal Idea of Hell. Our Paternal *Affections* muſt be drawn off, like a Mother's *Milk*, or they will corrupt, and turn to Diſeaſe.

HUSBAND, and *Father*, are the Titles of Honour which *Nature* diſpenſes, and endows them with greater Pleaſure, than any Titles which *Fortune* can confer. They that reſiſt the Impulſes of Nature, are reſiſted by Her, in their *new* Schemes of Enjoyment; and Nature is a powerful Adverſary. He that has Children *multiplies* himſelf, and gives Happineſs many Channels by which to flow in upon him: Letting the Heart ſtream out in Tenderneſs on its proper Objects, as it is the greateſt Duty, ſo it is the greateſt Bleſſing of Life: To have no one, to whom we heartily wiſh well, and for whom we are warmly concerned, is a deplorable State. It may be ſaid, that *Wiſdom* will provide us with ſuch Objects, in every Condition: It

may; but it would coſt us leſs Pains, if we ſuffered *Nature* to eaſe her of that Trouble.

PERSONS of *Birth*, *Riches*, *Power*, and *Talents*, thoſe ſhining, and envied Characters, have all their *peculiar* Evils, the Growth of their reſpective States.

FIRST, Perſons of *Birth:* Theſe have their Eye on their Anceſtors; and would have their *Glory* ſubſiſt on the *Merit* of the Dead. This the World will not agree to, but thinks that an *Argument* for Attainments of their own, which the Great by Birth look on as their *Exemption* from the Labour of them: Thus are they pain'd, where they expect *Homage*, to find *Reproach.* They contemn thoſe of mean Extraction; and by that Contempt, as it were, *exact* their Hate; and generally *have* what they exact, with the bad Conſequences of it. Ardently they deſire Honours, becauſe it is natural to Men to deſire an *Accumulation* of that *Good*, of which already they enjoy a Share: Hence a Diſappointment in *This* Purſuit, is more ſtinging to them, than others. Who is *truly* more noble for his high Birth? He that deſpiſes it; He that deſpiſes it as a *Poſſeſſion*, but values it as an *Incitement* to Virtue. Their *Appellations* are their *Inſtructors:* they are ſtiled *Noble*, on a Preſumption that they retain the *Virtue*; their Blood is ſtiled *Generous*, on a Preſumption that they retain the *high Nature*, of their Anceſtors. Their *Riches* are not ſufficient.

SECONDLY, Men of *Riches:* Theſe Men, which is natural, are ſo high in their Opinion of what they largely poſſeſs, that they think to have *Riches*, is to have *every Thing*; that, they think them the *Price* for, and *Title* to all the World can give, or Man enjoy. Hence high *Expectations*, and high

high *Reſentments*, and every Evil is aggrandized by Theſe. Every wrong Accident is a *Calamity*, and not only a Calamity, but an *Injury* too; for have not *They* a Title to better Things? Others, when they are ſick, are *ſorry*; but theſe are *angry* alſo, and look on a *Gout*, or a *Fever*, as an Object of *Reſentment*; which is ſtill the ſtranger, becauſe, for the moſt Part, they *invite* them to their Habitations.

THIRDLY, Men of *Power:* They that have it in their power to make the Fortune, and Reputation of others, *may* have, and often have as many Enemies, as thoſe whoſe Fortune, and Reputation they do *not* make. For Men are ſo fond of themſelves, as to think that All others *can* do, they *ſhould do* for them. This is unjuſt, but this is true. And hence it is, that all the *Uneaſy*, inſtead of venting their Paſſion by ſtriking the Air, as it is natural for the peeviſh in their Guſts of Rage to do, vent it often on Men in Power, by ſhooting their Arrows at them, *even bitter words*; becauſe Men are apt to think they contract an Importance, from the Importance of thoſe they injure. Whereas it is rare that Men in Power give juſt Offence to ſuch as theſe: If they injure, they ſtoop not to theſe; they level at the Great, for that gives their *Dignity* the higheſt Satisfaction. The *Great* often *juſtly are*, the *Mean* often, *unjuſtly will be*, their Enemies. Where then are their Friends? They muſt be few, and thoſe few are more likely to be ſecret Enemies to Them, than to any others with whom they paſs for Friends. Becauſe, Firſt, Men of Power create the greateſt *Envy*, which is our *ſtrongeſt Paſſion:* Secondly, their Ruin would afford the largeſt Plunder, and our own Emolument is our *chiefeſt Aim.*

FOURTHLY, Men of *Talents:* If they do not exert them, it will coſt them much Pains, and they may probably fail of Succeſs, through *Malice* of *Accident*,

*cident*, or *Indiscretion* of *Choice*. Or if they succeed in their *Labour*, their Labour may not succeed in its Reputation; or if it does, it is only setting themselves a *hard Task* for the future; for it is *double* Shame to fall beneath themselves. *Fame* is generally these Mens Aim; and to fail of our Aim, be it never so idle, is Infelicity. An Author at his Lamp tells himself in Triumph, now the Toil is almost over, the Purchase at hand, he is within a Month of Immortality. But on *Publication* he finds the Payment deferred, deferred to the Day of his Death; too late a Payment of *That* which he cannot transfer to his Heir. There is no stronger Infatuation than this Desire of chimerical Immortality. It is very strange; but the Secret of it is this: God implanted in the Soul a violent Desire of *Approbation*, in order to stimulate Men into an Attainment of his own Approbation, which is the most valuable; as he implanted in the Soul strong *Hope*, and *Fear*, and *Love*, that he himself might be the Object of them, as my Text directs: But as these *Affections* when they stop short on *Temporals*, become *Pains*; so this violent Desire of *Approbation*, when it stops short at Men, becomes, tho' most admirably wise in God's Design, that ridiculous, and seemingly unaccountable Folly of which I speak: And the wisest of Men, not attending to this, have sometimes started in Surprize and Shame, on discovering that some of their noblest Designs had their Rise, and Termination in that most despicable Point, the *Opinion of Men*. Thus you see that the Thirst of *Approbation*, when misapplied becomes a *Folly*, and incurs *Shame*, which it would *most* avoid. And this is the State of the greatest Gifts that Omnipotence can bestow, when turned on improper Ends. *This*, therefore, which might seem *digressive*, is not so; it tends to demonstrate the Miseries of this Life, since hence it appears, that we have Reason to

stand

ſtand in Dread of the very *Excellencies* of our Nature, as well as the *Imperfections* of it.

SECONDLY, Conſider the different *Ages*: *Young* Men deſire *paſſionately*, and therefore are *afflictively* diſappointed. They deſire chiefly Gratifications of *Senſe*, and therefore ſoon impair their Appetites for them, and anticipate old Age by Infirmities.

THEY are extreamly *mutable* in their Inclinations, and therefore as ſome Things by *Nature cannot*, others, through their own *Temper*, *ſhall not* pleaſe them long.

THEY are *faſtidious* in their Pleaſures, as thinking the moſt delicate and exalted, the Prerogative of their Time of Life: Thus they *reject* many, and *impair* the reſt.

THEY are *prone to Anger*, becauſe unſubdued by *Fortune*, and unapprized by *Wiſdom* of what they ought to expect: Hence are they diſpleaſed with others without Cauſe, and then with themſelves, for being ſo; for generally their *Senſe* of being in the wrong is as quick, as their Propenſity to it, is ſtrong.

THEY have not a ſufficient Regard for Things of *Utility*, (becauſe they never wanted,) and find the bad Effects of it; what Pride can better taſte, pleaſes Them more: Hence they are very *tender of their Honour*, before they have gained any; and *thus* are they pained, not only about Things that *are*, but Things alſo, that *are not*.

THEY are *credulous*, becauſe unexperienced; deceived, becauſe credulous; and outrageous, becauſe deceived: And hence, from *too fond an Opinion*, they are apt to conceive *too inveterate a Diſlike* for Mankind; as fruitful a Source of Evil, as their *firſt* Miſtake.

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THE young Man's Field of *Reflection* is ſmall, for little is paſt; his Field of *Hope* is large, for much is to come; which falling in with Vivacity of Spirits, and Vanity of Heart, he indulges it to the Excluſion of neceſſary Fear, which is the Shield of Life; and hence is he perpetually wounded in his *Peace*, *Fortune*, *Reputation*, or *Health*, or All.

HE delights in *Extreams*, whereas *Virtue* is in the *Mean*, and Happineſs dwells with her. He is a Squanderer of *Wealth*, as well as of Health, Peace, and Reputation; and by the *Guilt* of Youth, lays up *Poverty* for Age; of which I am now to ſpeak.

*AGE* is infeſted with *Suſpicion*, *Exceſs of Caution*, *Diſaffection*, *Puſilanimity*, *Illiberality*, *Querulouſneſs*, *Immodeſty*, *Garrulity*, *Want of Compaſſion*, *ſolid Hatred*, *Moroſeneſs*, *inordinate Self-Love*, *extream Covetouſneſs*, *and Diſtempers.*

AN *old Man* is *ſuſpicious*, becauſe incredulous; and incredulous, becauſe experienced. For the *Knowledge*, and *Diſtruſt* of Mankind are inſeparable. Now he that lives in perpetual *Suſpicion*, lives the Life of a Centinel, of a Centinel never relieved; whoſe Buſineſs it is to *look out* for, and *expect* an Enemy, which is an Evil not very far ſhort of *periſhing by him.*

ALLIED to Suſpicion is *Exceſs of Caution*: Wiſdom, Coldneſs of Temperature, and ſometimes Ill-nature, are mixed in this. I ſhall chuſe one Inſtance that includes them all: In Points of Speculation he rarely affirms, or denies any Thing poſitively, though *he* is beſt able to do it: He knows *nothing*, but is of *ſuch an Opinion* on moſt Occaſions; by which, one Thing he means, is, to call younger Men

Men Fools, (who delight in a more ſanguine Stile) and thus, artfully, to gratify his Diſaffection to them.

HE is all *Diſaffection*: I ſpeak in general. He loves no body, becauſe formerly, very probably, his good Inclinations have been abuſed; beſides, the Affections as naturally contract in the Evening of Life, as Flowers at the Departure of the Sun. Now he that loves none, enjoys none; nor is loved, or enjoyed by any.

HE is *Puſilanimous*, from decay of Spirits, and the Blows of Fortune. Now Puſilanimity is the Want of *Hope*, and Hope is the *Cordial* of Life.

HE is *Querulous*, which is the Voice of Puſilanimity; and an infallible Source of *Contempt*.

HE is *Illiberal*, as knowing how hard it is to *gain*, and how eaſy to *loſe*; as likewiſe, from a growing Paſſion for the Security of *To-morrow*; whereas *To-Day* is the Miſtreſs of Youth. Now Illiberality is the Source of *Hatred*, as *Generoſity* is of Love.

HE is *Immodeſt*, I mean hardened to the Eye, and unaffected with the Opinion of others, becauſe he diſeſteems them; and diſeſteems them, becauſe he knows them; and Praiſe, and Diſpraiſe we diſeſteem, when we diſeſteem Thoſe from whom they come. Now this Immodeſty is a Source both of *Hatred* and *Contempt*. Beſides, *Virtue* is always enfeebled by a Neglect of Praiſe, which is a Food of it.

HE is *Talkative*, becauſe his largeſt Scenes lies *backward*; and his Talk on the *paſt*, is always a Cenſure on the *preſent*: Now he that cenſures, is *diſpleaſed*. Beſides, *this* Talkativeneſs is diſguſting on two Accounts: Firſt, as he is generally his own Theme;

Secondly, as it runs counter to the Fire, and Activity of younger Men, to whom he ſpeaks.

HIS *Compaſſion* is *ſlight*, from his Familiarity with Misfortunes; and his *Hatred* is *ſolid*, more apt to vent it ſelf in *Deeds* than *Words*, from the Maturity of his Wiſdom, which loves Things *effectual*, and to the Purpoſe. His *former* Qualities put him in a State of War with Mankind: *This*, in a State of War that gives no Quarter.

HE is *Moroſe*, and an *inordinate Lover of himſelf*. The *Firſt*, becauſe he envies the Pleaſures which he can't partake. There is no ſuch Thing, at leaſt, in our Climate, as a gay old Man; A *Fly in Winter* is for Nations nearer the Sun. He is the *Second*, becauſe Men riſe in Fondneſs for Things, in Proportion to their Hazard of loſing them; and his Life is on the Departure. Hence abſurdly his *Paſſion* for it increaſes, as its *Value* fails. Now from all that has been ſaid,

HIS *extream Covetouſneſs* is accounted for. Money has *two* excellent Qualities for him: *Firſt*, it will do that for him, which no one will, willingly, do: It will keep him Company, as it always does; it will flatter him; it will go on his Errands; it will procure him Smiles, and Bows, and all the *Outſide* of Affection, and Reſpect. *Secondly*, as it is a Thing *inanimate*, it can give no Offence. But not to aggravate this Matter, (which it little needs!) granting, that as *Youth* is the Reign of vehement Deſire, and vehement Deſire, is a Diſeaſe, a Fever, a Pain; ſo *Age*, indeed, brings on a Serenity; *Experience* makes us able Pilots in the Waves of Fortune, and *Vigour impaired* no longer ſcorches us with the Violence of Deſire; Granting, that the Mind gains that Strength which the Body loſes, and intellectual Pleaſures are then

then in their full Force; yet ſo, it muſt be confeſſed are

*DISTEMPERS* too; and what Comfort is there in an *Hoſpital*, or a *Storm*? In *Youth* what Diſappointments of our own making? In *Age* what Diſappointments from the Nature of Things? It is long before we arrive at a right Conduct, and by that at a true Reliſh, and good Husbandry of Life; and when we are arrived at it, as much as *Wiſdom* gives, *Time* withdraws, Objects begin to flatter, and Appetites to fail. Human Life has then its Morning and Evening; but *the Evening and Morning are one Day*; a Day of Sorrows! different indeed in Sort, but in Eſſence the ſame. And *this* is the Reaſon why Men always unhappy, are always expecting Happineſs. For had we no Change of Scenes to experience one after another, we ſhould ſooner be convinced of the Vanity of our Expectations: Whereas we, now, are amuſed with Hope, which, for Pleaſure, gives us Change of Pain; we are *wretched*, and *deceived*, which increaſes our Wretchedneſs; for every Sorrow receives a new Sting, from our Expectation of the contrary.

THIRDLY, Conſider our *Aims*: If we let looſe our Wiſhes at Things above our Deſert, how rarely we ſucceed? Or if we ſucceed, how are we pained with the Fears of expoſing our Inſufficiency? How ſhall we make good the Promiſe our *Fortune* has made to the World? We muſt live in perpetual Conſtraint; be for ever ſweating under a Mask of Form and Artifice, which, in ſpite of all our Care, the Wiſe will ſee through; and, at their Mercy we lie, for the precarious Character we preſerve. And how ridiculous a Sight it is, to ſee a Man embarraſſed by good Fortune, and ſtruggling with his own Succeſs? To take up more Money than our *Eſtate* can anſwer, in Time, is certain *Ruin*: To take up

more Reputation than our *Merit* can answer, in Time, is as certain *Shame.*

IF our *Fortune*, on the other hand, falls below our *Desert*, how careless are we of exerting those Capacities we are really Masters of, and of levying that Advantage, and Reputation which is due to them? Our Preferment is our Punishment; and the Consciousness of our Worth is at once our *Pride*, and our *Affliction*: How unpromising a Scene is *that* for Happiness, where our Merit increases the Number of our Pains?

IF our Aims are *proportioned* to our *Desert*, we may indeed succeed; but our Success will soon grow insipid, nay, painful, when we see (as soon we shall!) our Inferiors in Merit get the Start of us in Place, and Fortune; when we find our *Wisdom*, and *Modesty* less advantageous, than the *Rashness*, and *Confidence* of other Men.

IF we stand *Alone*, and Independent, it is a proud, but a solitary, and uncomfortable Dominion; unrefreshed with Hope, which is the Life of Life itself. If we have our Attachments, and lean against our Superiors, it is often a shining Servitude, a promising Anxiety, that excites indeed our Spirits, but torments them too, during the *Suspence*; and as often deceives, as satisfies, in the *End*. Which has most Happiness? a servile Hope, or a hopeless Independency? He that has Many *Hopes*, has many Possibilities of *Disappointment*: He that has few, has few Occasions of *Joy*.

IF we converse with our *Inferiors*, or *Equals* only, we sacrifice the Advancement of our Fortune, to present Ease and Complacency; If with our *Superiors*, we in some Measure sacrifice our Ease, and Complacency, to our Fortune; our Caution must be always

ways awake, our Abilities always on the Stretch; and Converſation, which was deſigned to *recreate*, muſt become a Diſcipline, and an Enterprize.

MOREOVER, it is *Expectation* from Superiors that is apt to give a painful, and unreaſonable Awe of them; an Awe due rather to God, than Man. It is *That* which annoys our Breaſts with puſilanimous Doubts, and Fears; *That* makes the little Heart play its ſervile Paſſions in all their Force, at a Smile, or a Frown; which He that does *not expect*, is free from himſelf, and in others, moſt juſtly contemns. The moſt deſpicable Weakneſs any one Man can be guilty of, is an undue Fear of another, which *Expectation* is apt to ſubject him to.

OBSCURITY has its obvious Diſadvantages; and a *Great Name* is the Mark of Envy, and Reproach: Or if Reproach ſpare it, it muſt be Nurtured, or Loſt. *Time* itſelf will work Decay in Glory, as in other Things; unleſs it be kept in Repair at the Expence of returning Pains, and a Succeſſion of Deſerts: And if preſerved, it has its *moral* Evils; Fame from *Letters* makes a Man unſociable, and overbearing; Fame from political Wiſdom, deſigning; and Fame from *Arms*, incorrect of Life. It has likewiſe its *natural* Evils. For ſince *Fame* is the general Miſtreſs of Mankind, he that enjoys it has almoſt as many Rivals as Men, and often as many Foes, as Rivals.

ONE Man aims at making his Happineſs by *Philoſophy*, another by *Fortune*. The *Firſt* is ſtemming the Stream of the World, and his own Nature, with endleſs Labour; the *Second* is carried away by that Stream, with endleſs Hazard, and every wave is Maſter of his Peace.

ONE follows *Fancy*, and by that Time the Thing fancied is attained, his Fancy for it is fled. Another

follows

follows *Custom*, and is fashionably pleased in Contradiction to his own Heart. Seeming to be happy, is his Happiness; now *seeming* Happiness implies the *Want* of it. A Third follows *Reason*; and Reason puts us out of Humour with almost every Thing about us.

IF Men have no *Pursuits* they are a Burthen to themselves; if they have, Disappointments are a Greater. What Disappointments interrupt the most successful *Prosecutions?* And what is worse, *Possession* is the greatest Disappointment of all; it destroys the very Phantom of Happiness, our pleasing Error, our sweet Flatterer, Hope, which before we enjoyed. The Man of Success, and of the highest Advancement, first indeed laughs at others; but soon he revenges them, by laughing at *himself*. He wonders how he could be so passionately fond of what so little deserved his Fondness: He is grieved, he is surprized, he is angry, that the Absence of those Things was able to give him so much Pain, the Presence of which can afford so little Enjoyment. But he usually keeps the Secret, in poor Hopes of that Enjoyment from the mistaken Envy of others; which the Things envied cannot give him; and takes a malicious Pleasure in seeing his unwarned Followers deceived, as well as himself. There is ever a certain Languor attending the Fulness of Prosperity: When the Heart has no more to wish, it yawns over its Possession; and the Energy of the Soul goes out, like a Flame that has no more to devour; or, like a Storm, loses its Force for want of Opposition. Who is so wretched as the Man that is overwhelm'd with a Multitude of Affairs? He that is relieved from them, and has none at all. But granting Superiority of Fortune should give some Superiority of Happiness, let it be remarked, that he who increases the Endearments of Life, increases, at the same Time, the Terrors of Death. Which leads me to

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THE *Fourth* Consideration, that of our *Relations* in Life: A Wife, a Child, dear to us as our own Bosoms in which they lie, what Cowards do they make us? What are their Endearments, their Softness, their Charms, but new Terrors in the Frown, and new Shafts in the Quiver of *Misfortune*, and *Death?* There is something truly formidable in having such tender Blessings as these; and every wise, and feeling Heart, while it is transported at the Thoughts of them, must tremble too.

BUT all Relations are not pained through Tenderness of Affection. While the Father is solicitous for the Welfare of his Son, how solicitous and impatient is the Son (very often) for the Death of that very Father? What are Alliances of Blood, but Titles for Expectation? And what are Titles for Expectation, but Exposures *to* Disappointment, and Aggravations *of* its Smart? All That seeming Family-endearment, Comfort, and Complacency, which we figure to our selves at a Distance, what is it, (too often!) but mutual Attacks on the Peace, Plots on the Riches, Hopes from the Sickness, and Joy from the Deaths of each other?

THE Servant envies his Master, and sometimes the Master his Servant, and perhaps with more Justice; but justly, neither. For if we well knew how little others enjoy, it would rescue the World from one Sin, there would be no such Thing as Envy upon Earth; Envy, which is a *double* Folly; Folly, as it is a Sin, and Folly as it is a Mistake; for it results from the Supposition of that which is not, the superior Happiness of others; which is not, I mean, in that Degree we conceive of it; and we *envy* That which we *conceive.*

FIFTHLY, As to *Constitutions*, and *Tempers:* In Health, what Temptation? In Sickness, what Pain?

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Pain? The Miſery of many is wrap'd up in their very Veins, how then ſhall they fly from it? How many inherit, how many create, how many purchaſe Diſtempers? Earthquake, Storm, War, ſweep not half ſo many, as Diſeaſes which we knowingly, contract by Careleſneſs, and Exceſs. Women, as they are leſs ſubject to Pains of Mind, are more ſubject to Pains of the Body than Men, to ballance that Account.

HE that is infirm, dies daily, and loſes all the Pleaſure of *Life:* He that knows no Infirmities, obſerves not the Lapſe of Time, grows old unawares, and is unprepared for *Death:* But ſuppoſe a Man has Health, and Wiſdom too, how many find in their *Tempers* an Enemy to Peace?

THE *Tempers* are, as I take it, leſſer *Paſſions*, or, various fainter *Shades*, or *Blendings* of Thoſe ſtrong *Colours* on the Soul of Man. The *Gloomy*, *Peeviſh*, *Sanguine*, *Phlegmatick*, *Good-natured*, *Impatient*, *Improvident*, *Wary*, *Haughty*, *Remitting*, *Courteous*, *Arrogant*, *Suſpicious*, *Refining*, *Reſerved*, *Affable*, *Fearleſs*, *Timid*, *Modeſt*, *Proud*, *Delicate*, and *Inſenſible* Temper, have all their peculiar Evils.

A *gloomy* Temper ſurveys every Thing in the worſt Light, and can diſcover no Bleſſings.

A *peeviſh* Temper quarrels with the Bleſſings it diſcovers, with its Friends, itſelf; and defeats the Labour of Providence for its Satisfaction.

THE *Sanguine* overſhoots; the *Phlegmatick* deſponds; the *Mild* tempts Inſults; the *Cholerick* is its own Tormentor.

IF a Man is *Good-natured*, his Friends devour him; if not, his Foes.

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THE *Impatient* feels as much Uneaſineſs from the *ſlow* Approach of Pleaſure, as Others from the Deſpair of it.

TO the *Thoughtleſs* and *Improvident*, the *Surprize* of every Diſappointment doubles its Pain.

TO the *Wary*, and *Foreboding*, the conſtant Expectation of Calamity, is a Calamity itſelf.

IF a Man is *Haughty*, and too tender of his Honour, he gives the Power of hurting him to every Wretch that can ſhew Diſreſpect: And who cannot? If He is remiſs, and negligent of Reſpect, Men will withhold *real Services*, becauſe their *Ceremonial* was not ſufficiently welcome; He loſes the Subſtance, becauſe he will *not* catch at the Shadow. But *Forms* are more than Shadows, they are the Robe, and Defence of *Realities*, which will ever run ſome Hazard, when we throw them off.

THE *very Courteous* leſſen their Favours by giving them the Appearance of a Debt, thro' their frequent Profeſſions of Kindneſs: The Favours of an *arrogant* Man are received unthankfully; becauſe, thro' too great a Conſciouſneſs of them, he is his own Pay-Maſter. And yet he who does not ſometimes aſſert his own Merit, will ſoon have painful Suſpicions that the *Former* is in the Right.

THE *Suſpicious*, in ſome meaſure, juſtify thoſe Injuries, they *expect*. A Perſon of ſmall Merit is anxiouſly *jealous* of Imputations on his Honour, becauſe he knows his Title is *weak*; one of great Merit turbidly *reſents* them, becauſe he knows his Title is *ſtrong*.

THE *Refining* Temper is expreſly a *Maker of Evils*: Not to be obliged by Superiors, it conſtrues an Injury; to be obliged by Inferiors, an Affront. To have its Wants relieved, it conſtrues an Affectation of Superiority in its Benefactor; not to have them relieved, a Contempt. It can work Wonders to its own Diſadvantage, and make a *Look*, or *Geſture*, it diſapproves, a *ſerious* Misfortune.

*RESERVE* may procure Reſpect, but it gives a Diſpoſition to Hatred; becauſe that Reſpect is involuntary, and as it were, extorted; and we hate every Thing that invades the Freedom of our Choice.

*AFFABILITY* procures Good-will, but may give a Diſpoſition to Contempt; becauſe it gives us cheaply that which we deſire, and the Difficulty of the Attainment enhances the Value of Things.

A *Fearleſs* Temper impairs our Caution, and makes us careleſs of exerting our utmoſt Strength; A *Timid*, gives our *Underſtanding* the ſtrongeſt Arguments for exerting our Strength, but at the ſame Time enfeebles the Heart in the Execution of what appears ſo reaſonable.

A *Native Modeſty* in Men may conciliate *Love* from the *Many*, but forbids *Eſteem* from the *Wiſe*: Becauſe with them no Act has Merit, but what has Choice; and theſe *chuſe* not Modeſty by their *Reaſon*, but *ſuffer* it from their *Conſtitutions*.

*PROUD* Men are apt to be injurious, becauſe it is a *Mark* of Superiority: They ſtrike more through Vanity, than Malice; but then, as it is a *Mark*, it is a Mutilation of Superiority too; For it throws down our Reſpect for them, which is a conſiderable Support of it.

TOO

TOO *great* a Sensibility creates Pain, where by Nature it is not; too *little* perceives not Blessings where they are: And there is a too great Sensibility from *Fortune*, as well as *Temper*: *Rank* gives some Persons such a Delicacy, that they have a Set of Inquietudes entirely their own, the Prerogative of their high Station, to which their Inferiors must not presume to pretend. If *Humour*, and *Passion* are indulged, how domineering are they? If denied, how rebellious? which leads me to

THE Sixth and last Consideration, the *Passions* of Men.

AN Account of the *Passions* is properly a History of the *Active* Part of the Soul, as an Account of the *Understanding* is of the *Contemplative*. They may be consider'd as so many *Standard-Bearers*, round each of which many Mischiefs are rang'd in array against us, and lay waste the Tranquility of Human Life. They have by others been consider'd *Physically*, as they constitute Part of our Nature; *Morally*, as they influence Virtue and Vice; and *Rhetorically*, with regard to Composition: But I do not know that they have been consider'd in a System, or with any Accuracy, as the *Pains*, and *Promoters of the Pains* of Life. In this View I shall speak of them, with as much Light, and Distinction, as I can. It is the Passions that give the *perpetual Motion* to Human Life, that roll us from Place to Place, from Object to Object, nor will the Grave it self afford them Rest.

FIRST, *Anger*. It is elegantly said, *the King's Anger is as a roaring Lyon*. Which Description of it is confin'd to Kings, only as to its efficacy; it is as *strong*, though not as *successful* in other Men. By a King it is let loose into the large Field of Power, in

others it bites the Bars that confine it, and, in both, it laſhes it ſelf. This ſhows it to be a *Pain*; and it likewiſe proceeds from Pain; for no one is angry, but who has, or fancies he has received an Injury in himſelf, or *His*; for which he is, firſt, grieved. So that Anger may be called the Daughter of *Sorrow*, and the Mother of *Revenge*, which often has fatal Conſequences. Thus this Paſſion has *paſt*, *preſent*, and *future* Pains belonging to it.

ANGER is frequent; for among Enemies it is the *natural* Habit of the Mind; and where are not Enemies? Among Friends, it is *unnatural*, and therefore, when it happens, more tormenting.

AS Pride is *predominant* in Man, the principal Cauſe of Anger is Diſreſpect; the Queſtion therefore is, if the angry Man acts not againſt his own ſupream Purpoſe: If Anger is *impotent*, That is a Blow directly on his *Pride*; if it ſucceeds by unworthy Means, That is a Blow on his general Character. Anger therefore is not only an Evil it ſelf, proceeding *from*, and leading *to* Evil, but, often, to the very Evil it would moſt avoid. It falls on its own Sword.

TWO Sorts of Men are moſt ſubject to this Paſſion; Men of *Felicity*, and Men of *Affliction*. One becauſe their *Expectations* are high, the other becauſe their *Uneaſineſſes* are many. The *Firſt* make their Superiority their Anxiety, counterballancing by their own Reſentment, the *Favours* of Nature and Fortune; the *Second* inflame the *Severities* of them both.

ALLY'D to Anger is *Hatred*, which is a laſting Anger; now Hatred is always accompanied with Diſguſt, and Diſguſt is Pain.

ALLY'D to Hatred are *Contempt*, and *Abhorrence*; Contempt is Hatred without Fear, but it is

*Hatred*

*Hatred*, and therefore Pain. *Abhorrence* is Hatred with Fear, and therefore its Pain is double.

*INVECTIVE* indeed eaſes the Heart, as a Diſcharge the Stomach, but it alſo proves it very ſick before.

I DO not deny that there is ſuch a Thing as a malicious *Pleaſure*; but I affirm it is a Pleaſure like that of violent ſcratching, or ſtriking ourſelves in ſome Diſpoſitions; it ſuppoſes a Diſtemper, and leaves a Wound, both in our Reputation, and our Peace.

ANGER has under its Banner, *Invective*, *Aſſault*, *Ruin*, and *Death*.

SECONDLY, *Love*. By Love I mean not the Deſire of what is *Uſeful*, or *Honeſt*, but more particularly of what is *Pleaſant*. With *Philoſophers* it includes the *two Former*, with the *World* it is often limited to the *Laſt*. It implies Diſcontent, that is *Pain*; for he that deſires, is diſſatisfy'd with his preſent Condition, be it what it will. And the Pain is in Proportion to the Deſire.

TO ſay the leaſt to the Diſadvantage of this Paſſion. It is putting your Peace in the Power of *another*, which is rarely ſafe even in your *own*.

THERE are *Two* Things, I think, *peculiar* to this Paſſion, and what makes them more remarkable, is, they ſeem ſomewhat inconſiſtent. *One* is our *Deſire* of it; the *Other* is a Condition that makes it very *Undeſirable*. As to the Firſt, we don't ſeek, nay, we avoid Occaſions of *Anger*, *Hatred*, *Fear*, *Shame*, or *Envy*, but we ſeek Occaſions of *Love*. As to the Second, Love is *all* the Paſſions in *one*: It is *Anger* that it *cannot*, *Shame* that it *does not*, *Fear* that it *ſhall not* enjoy its Object; It is *Envy* of, and

*Hatred*

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*Hatred* to, those that possibly may. For *Envy*, *Hatred*, and *Suspicion* form Love's constant Companion, *Jealousy*; which therefore stings deeper than *either* of them, because it is *all*. Now as many Passions as Love has, so many Pains. Be it therefore a Maxim, He that was never *Pain'd*, never *Lov'd*.

BUT tho' this Passion has Pains, leads it not to *Pleasures*? It *may* fail of them, and then it is *Despair*, which is most terrible; if it attains them, they may not be lasting; For most Pleasures, like Flowers, when gather'd, die.

*LOVE* has under its Banner, *Watching*, *Sickness*, *Abasement*, *Adulation*, *Perjury*, *Jealousy*; and sometimes it lists *Anger*'s most dreadful Followers; the only difference is, *there*, they are standing Troops, *here*, casual Recruits; there, they are *Volunteers*, here, they are *Pressed* occasionally into the Service; for they do not *naturally* belong to Love.

THIRDLY, *Fear*. This is a most dismal Passion; a Mind haunted with Fear is a hideous Night-Piece of Storm, Precipice, Ruins, Tombs, and Apparitions; It is not content with the Compass of Nature, as if too scanty for Evil, but creates new Worlds for Calamity; Things that are *not*. But *very timorous* Natures only suffer to this Degree; and it is well they do not; For *such a Fear* alone is capable of taking in an ample Vengeance of an incens'd God. Insomuch that some have thought that Hell consisted in the severe Extremity of this Passion only.

ALL, that *Fear*, have proportionable *Pain*. It is an Anticipation of Evil; and has under its Banner, *Confusion*, *Supplication*, *Servility*, *Amazement*, and *Self-Desertion* particularly.

FOR

FOR I think it a *Peculiarity* of *Fear* that it defeats its own Purpose more than any of the Passions. *Anger* strikes, and if unsuccessfully, it only loses a Blow; *Love* pursues, and if unsuccessfully, it only loses a Pursuit; *Fear* makes us fly, but makes us stumble too, and the more precipitate our Flight, the farther are we from an Escape. Hence says the Holy Scripture, *It betrays the Succours of Reason*, meaning, that it betrays it more than any other Passion, for all betray it in some Degree.

*FEARS* are the *Shields* of Life; but if they are too many, they are an Oppression, and like the Maid at the *Capitol*, we perish under them.

FEARS we have many, but there is *but one that came from Heaven*, (as the *Romans* fabled of their *Ancile*,) which is the Fear of God; *All the rest are false*; and this sevenfold Shield will save us from them: A Falling World can not affright Him, whom that Shield has under its Protection.

FOURTHLY, There is also *False Shame*; When, thro' an Affectation of the Esteem of bad Men, we are ashamed of what God approves; or if ashamed of what is truly shameful, when, we are ashamed with Regard to Men, not God. The *First* is Blasphemy in thought; or such a Thought, as if expres'd in Words, would be Blasphemous. The *Second* is Sacriledge, giving God's Due to Man. This is a Shame to be ashamed of; and *contrary* to the Apostle's *Repentance not to be repented of*, for Shame is a Repentance, or something very like it.

*SHAME* is a Sense of Estimation impaired, and of our sinking in the Opinion of *Men*; I wish I could add of *God* too; for Men are not ashamed of *Injustice*, or *Prophaneness*, at the same Time that they blush

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blush for an Omission in *Fashion*, or *Complaisance*. Nay, I wish they are not often *Proud* of the *Former*; now Pride is *Shame*'s Reverse. As shining in the Opinion of others is the supream Aim of almost all Men, *Shame* must be exceeding *Painful*, as it implies the Loss, or Diminution of their greatest *fancied* Good. Besides, every Man, while he is *ashamed* wishes his Condition *altered*, which no Man does that is *happy* under it.

*SHAME* has under its Banner, *Self-Condemnation*, *Pusilanimity*, *Regret*, *Lying*, *Confusion of Face*.

WHICH Last puts me in Mind of what I take to be *Peculiarities* of this Passion. Which are Three. First, Other Passions fly *to* Men for Redress of their Grievances, This flies *from* them: *Anger* flies to strike, *Love* to embrace, *Fear* for Shelter; But Shame flies from all Men, and makes an Eye as sharp as a Sword. Shame's bad Estate is seen in this, that its Hope, and Felicity runs so low, as to make *Night*, and *Oblivion*, which are the Terror of others, a Wish, a Joy; *Fallere & Effugere est Triumphus.* So that it robs Man of one of his most Essential good Qualities, that of his being a *sociable* Creature.

SECONDLY, *Shame* has a more infallible *Mark* fixed on it by Nature, than any of the Rest, I mean Blushes. Of which I take the Reason to be, that this Passion *necessarily* supposes *Guilt*. Which is not the Case of any of the Passions beside, except Envy, which is generally marked with *Paleness*, as Shame with the Contrary. Shame, I say, necessarily supposes Guilt. For none are ashamed but on one of these Three Accounts. First, Because they are *directly* Guilty. Secondly, Because they want some Merit they ought to have. Thirdly, Because they suffer some Indignity. Now the want of proper

Merit

Merit proceeds generally from *Omissions*; suffering Indignities, from *Sloth*, or *Cowardice*; and all these are *Vicious*. But Men are sometimes ashamed of *Virtue*. True; but then they consider that Virtue as a Fault, in the Eyes of Those before whom they are asham'd of it: Besides, then, it does not only *suppose*, but *is* Guilt.

THIRDLY, *Lying*. This is the False Cover of *False* Shame; for true or proper Shame has Regard to God, and who *dares*, who *can* lye to Him? For we cannot lye to any Purpose, but to fallible Beings. Now as *false* Shame is lying eternally, tho' the Person subject to it is asham'd without Reason *at first*, he is sure to have ample Reason for Shame *in the End*; and consequently he will be *Pained* without just Cause, and with it, too.

FIFTHLY, *Envy*. This is the most *Deformed*, and most *Detestable* of all the Passions. A good Man may be *Angry*, or *Ashamed*, may *Love*, or *Fear*; but a good Man can not *Envy*. For all other Passions seek *Good*, but *Envy Evil*. All other Passions propose *Advantages* to themselves; Envy seeks the *Detriment* of Others. *They* therefore are *Human*. *This* is *Diabolical*. *Anger* seeks Vengeance for an Injury; an Injury in Fortune, or Person, or Honour; but Envy pretends no Injuries, and yet has an Appetite for Vengeance: *Love* seeks the Possession of *Good*, *Fear* the flight of *Evil*, but Envy neither; All her good is the Disadvantage of Another. Hence it is most Detestable; and because most Detestable, therefore, Secondly,

MOST *Deformed*. For it is the most *Detestable*, because the least *Natural*; or what is least Natural works in us the most disadvantageous, and deforming Effects. We must be sometimes *Angry*, we must *Love*, and *Fear*, and be *Ashamed* by the Necessity of our Nature, and there are just Occasions

for them all. But no Necessity of our Nature, obliges us to *Envy*, nor is there any just Occasion for it. For all Men are unhappy, only we know not where their Uneasiness lies; therefore there is no *Natural* Occasion for Envy; and that there should be a *Moral* one, is a Contradiction; for the happier Others are, the more we should *rejoice*. As therefore neither our *Nature*, nor *Reason* requires Envy, it is properly *Unnatural*, and because Unnatural, it works such terrible Effects in us. How Pale, Keen, Inhuman, and Emaciated is its Look, if the undeserved Indulgence of Constitution gets not the better of those Effects? Now all these are Demonstrations of its extream *Pain*.

MEN of Imagination therefore have been fond of this Subject, as Painters, Poets, Historians, for the Imagination delights in *Extreams*; and nothing is more terrible than their Descriptions of it, but the Thing it self. *A chearful Heart does good like a Medicine*, but Envy corrodes like a Poison; It is so sharp, that it cuts the Body which sheaths it. Nay it is thought by some, actually to send forth its Virulence; to sit visible in the Eyes, and wound its Object. Of this Opinion seems our greatest *English* Philosopher, who assigns Physical Reasons why Persons in *Joy*, and *Triumph*, are more liable to receive this Venom than Others. What a Wretch must the Quiver of such Arrows be? Such is the *Pain* of Envy, that it made the two greatest, and bravest Men that ever lived, Weep; It made them shed Tears, but not of Compassion, though over the Monuments of the Dead.

*COMPASSION* is grieved at Others Evil, *Envy* at Others Good. *Indignation* is grieved that the Unworthy prosper, *Envy* that the Meritorious prosper, also. *Emulation* is grieved at its own *Wants*, *Envy* at the Enjoyments of Others. Nay it principally

pally maligns Those who deserve the greatest Praise, *(viz.) New Men*, the Makers of their own Fame, and Fortune. For rising Glory occasions the greatest Envy, as kindling Fires, the greatest Smoak. In a Word, it is the Reverse of *Charity*; and as that is the supream Source of *Pleasure*, so this of *Pain*. This gathers Pain, as that gathers Pleasures from all the Felicities that happen to Mankind. Nor is it only *Painful*, but *Ignominious*. The most Imperfect, and Pusilanimous are most subject to it; The *First*, because their Field for Envy is largest; The *Second*, because, through Mistake, what is Little *appears* Great to *them*; and, therefore, as the proper Object of Envy.

ITS *Peculiarities* I take to be, first, that it seeks not, (as the other Passions,) Good, but Evil. Secondly, That this is *Lasting*, the Others *short*. We are angry, or ashamed, we love or fear, for a Day, or Year; but we Envy for *Life*; and I look on it to be the most Universal Source of Unhappiness on Earth.

IT has under its Banner, *Hatred*, *Calumny*, *Treachery*, *Cabal*, with the *Meagerness of Famine*, *Venom of Pestilence*, and *Rage of War*.

NOR are the *Good*, and *Pleasurable* Passions without their Inconveniencies, and Inquietudes, which is a Subject *hitherto*, I believe, unhandled. *Compassion*, *Indignation*, *Emulation*, *Hope*, nay and *Joy* it self, if fairly examined, will prove this true, without any Refinement, or Affectation of *Novelty* in the Attempt.

FIRST, *Compassion*, while is has others Misery in its *Eye*, it has its own in its *Apprehension*; and is struck with a quick Sense of the *obnoxious* Condition of Human Nature. Hence is it evident, that *Fear*,



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and *Sorrow*, are included in it; and can there be *Fear*, and *Sorrow* without Pain?

THOUGH I know it is disputed; I venture to affirm, That our *Compassion* for Others, is accompanied with a Concern for our selves. And I am persuaded of this, from considering the Persons who are *most*, and who are *least* inclined to *Compassion*.

THE *least Inclined*, are the *most Confirmed in*, or the *most Lost to* Happiness. The *First* are not Compassionate, because most *secure*; the *Second*, because they have *felt the worst*. Little *self-concern* being moved by the miserable Object in these Men, little *Compassion* is moved by it, too.

THE *most Inclined* to it, are the *Timid*, and *those who have Wives, Children, and Relations*. The *First*, because they are most liable to fear for themselves; the *Second*, because they afford Misfortune the largest Mark.

AND all are more compassionate toward their Equals in Age, Fortune, Birth, Qualifications, or Manners, than others; because the Misfortunes of *such* are a more direct Alarm of Fear for *themselves*.

SECONDLY, *Indignation*. This is a just and noble Passion, and none but the Noble-Minded feel it. It is a generous Zeal for Right, an Heroick, and laudable Anger at the Prosperity of Undeservers. An Anger therefore Foreign to the Unworthy, Base, and Profligate, who can conceive no Resentment that Men, like themselves, prosper. This elevated Passion has sometimes a severer Pang than is consistent with Life. *Cato* died of it. He thought no Man worthy to triumph over Liberty, and *Rome*. And that violent Deportment shown at his *Death*, which has, *hitherto*, been wrongfully imputed to a Ferocity

Ferocity of *Temper*, was, I think, owing to This accidental *Passion*, which was the *Cause of his* Death; This Fever, this noble Inflammation of Mind, this Indignation for *Cæsar's unjust* Success. My Conjecture clears his Character in *that Respect*, and makes it more consistent with that Humanity, which he, in a peculiar Manner, manifested on many occasions in his laudable Life, which was worthy our Emulation, though his Death was detestable at the best.

THIRDLY, *Emulation* is an Exalted, and Glorious Passion, Parent of most Excellencies in Human Life. It is enamour'd of all Virtue, and Accomplishment; its generous *Food* is Praise; its sublime *Profession*, Transcendency; and the *Life* it pants after, Immortality. It kindles at all that is Illustrious; and as it were, lights its Torch at the Sun. *Envy* seeks Others Evil, *Emulation* its own Good; *Envy* repines at Excellence *without* Imitation; *Emulation* imitates, and rejoices in it. We *Envy* often what we *cannot* arrive at, we *Emulate*, nothing but what we *can*, or think at least *we can* attain. Hence the *Young* and *Magnanimous* are most inflam'd with Emulation, and Emulation rather of Glory, and Virtue, than of the Goods of the *Body*, or *Fortune*, till the World effaces Nature's first good Impressions. "*Hæc imitamini*, says Tully, *per* "*Deos immortales, hæc Ampla sunt, hæc Divina,* "*hæc Immortalia, hæc Fama celebrantur, monumen-* "*tis Annalium mandantur, Posteritati propagantur.*

BUT tho' Emulation is the Pursuit of the most Amiable Things, and that by Persons most amiable too, it cannot Escape; It cannot escape in a bad World, where Men judge of others by themselves, being mistaken for *Envy*, and being Treated accordingly. For it has, sometimes, such a Degree of Resemblance, as to give the *Weak* Occasion of Error, and the *Malicious* of Excuse. Thus it falls *Alieno Vul-*

*Vulnere*; not to mention its own natural *Pain*, which is at least as uneasy to the Soul, as extreme Thirst is to the Body. *Hope* and *Fear* play the Heart of *Emulation* with Violence; It has its Throbs, its Paleness, and Tremblings, when carry'd to an Height.

*——— Exultantiaque haurit*
*Corda Pavor pulsans, Laudumque arrecta Cupido.*

FOURTHLY, *Hope*, and *Joy*. *Hope* feels the Stings of Impatience, which is often so vehemently Eager, that falling from it into the *Despair* of its Object, is sometimes a sensible Ease to the Mind. *Joy* if moderate, scarce breaks thro' the General Disquiet of Life; If Immoderate, it is a Fever, a Tumult, a Gay Delirium, a *Transport*; which signifies a Man's being beside, or beyond himself, and he that is not in possession of himself, can but ill be said to be in possession of any thing else: Joy in this Case, goes beyond its bounds, into an Enemy's country, and becomes a *Pain*; as its Tears abundantly testify. Nor has its Tears only, but it is sometimes *Mortal*.

HENCE some, nay most Philosophers, have plac'd our *Chief Good* in Serenity, or Indolence, but this is a Mistake. Indolence, or Rest is inconsistent with our Nature, and not to be found in Heaven it self, but in a *Comparative* Sense. On the contrary, our Heaven will consist in a Pleasing Motion, a Delightful Exertion, a Transporting Progress to all Eternity. *Annihilation* is the only *Rest* for Man. What therefore we are to aim at, I shall shew in my *Second* Discourse.

TO conclude on the *Passions*. We consist of Soul, and Body; the Passions are the Wants of the Soul, as the Appetites may be call'd the Passions of the Body. So that we are made up of *Wants*, that is of *Pains*.

*Pains.* Who is almoſt ever free from one Paſſion, or another? And as Paſſions are the Pains (from which they take their very Name) ſo are they the Deſtroyers too, of our Nature. They *pain* the whole Soul, they *confound* the Memory, *make wild* the Imagination, and *hurt* the Underſtanding, like Ebriety, which they reſemble in their natural, and moral ill Conſequences. And becauſe they injure the Body alſo, therefore has the *Phyſician*, as well as *Moraliſt*, to do with them; and interdicts them to all thoſe who deſire Length of Days. Nay, they are more terrible than that Death which they haſten; for many have fled to *That* from the Torment of them. It ſeems *ſtrangeſt*, at firſt Sight, that *Fear*, of all the Paſſions, ſhould put on this Appearance of Courage; but it is ſo far from it, in reality, that no *Other Paſſion* ever arriv'd at Suicide, but thro' the Suggeſtion of This Trembler, *Fear*. Men die becauſe they *Fear* Life under its preſent Ills; Whereas *True Valour* meets thoſe Ills, whatever they are, with the ſame Reſolution, with which *They* meet Death. Their Cowardice ſhews a *pale*, feeble Valour, as Darkneſs ſhews the *Moon*; but *that* Valour is nothing compar'd to the *true*, as the *Moon* is nothing by *Day*.

IF this Account of the Paſſions be juſt, let us turn them againſt themſelves; Let us be angry with *Anger*, aſhamed of *Shame*, afraid of *Fear*, pity *Envy*, and moderate our Fondneſs for *Love*. For ſome are ſo idle, ridiculous, ſhameleſs, as to court the Paſſion itſelf; and at a time too, when they have the leaſt Probability of Succeſs. *Love*, according to the different Objects it embraces, like a *Women eſpouſed*, changes its Name, and becomes *Voluptuouſneſs*, *Ambition*, *Avarice*, or *Vanity*. Thoſe four predominant Impulſes that divide Mankind between them; That beat on us, like the Four Winds of Heaven, and keep the reſtleſs World in a perpetual Storm.

ON

ON this common Subject I shall endeavour to throw some new Light, by shewing that they all act directly counter to their own Purposes, and are the *Reverse* of That which they pretend to.

FIRST, The *Voluptuous:* Can this Man be *unhappy*, whose sole Aim is *Pleasure?* whose *Study* is the *Art*, whose *Life* is the Chase, of Delight? He may, he is, nay, he *must* be so; because his *Imagination* promises much more than *Sense* is able to pay. Hence, he is always *disappointed*; but, through Ignorance or Negligence of the Cause of it, though always *disappointed*, he is always *expecting*; and repeated Experience serves only to *upbraid*, not *correct* his Conduct. And it *must* be so; for as every new Scene of Voluptuousness is a new *Light* to his Understanding, to shew the Insufficiency of *those Scenes* to his Happiness; so is it, also, a new *Blow* to his Understanding, and the Rectitude of his Will, and weakens his Power of resisting *Them*. Hence is he reduced to the wretched State of eternally *pursuing*, and eternally *condemning* the same Things; than which, nothing more severe could be imposed by the greatest Tyrant, and greatest Foe. 'Tis not in vigorous Health, boundless Fortune, unrestrained Liberty, or that Liberty improv'd by Skill, and Experience into an *Art of Debauchery*, to give him Satisfaction, nay, *not* to give him Inquietude, though *Virtue*, though *Reason* did not interpose: The *Body* only would find out the Vanity, the Tædium, the bad Effect of Voluptuousness, and bare *Instinct* would reproach him with it. His *past* gives Regret, his *present* dissatisfies, and his *future* deceives: His *Imagination* imposes on his *Senses*; his *Senses* weaken, and vex his *Understanding*; and his Understanding censures them *both*. *They* persist, *That* grows peevish, and impotent. Thus the divided Man, like a divided Family, is the Seat of Misery, and Object of Contempt.

WITH

WITH regard to the chief Branch of Sensuality, and its fatal Consequences, it may be truly said, that nothing is more stinging than a bad *Woman's Hatred*, except her *Caresses*; nothing is more to be declin'd than her *Deformity*, except her *Charms*. But as for a Good Woman, *Her Price is beyond Gold. She is a Pillar of Rest.*

THE *Man of Pleasure*, as the Phrase is, is the most ridiculous of all Beings: He travels, indeed, with his Ribbon, Plume, and Bells; his *Dress*, and his *Musick*, but through a toilsome, and beaten Road; and every day nauseously repeats the same Tract. Throw an Eye into the gay World, what see we, for the most part, but a Set of querulous, emaciated, fluttering, phantastical Beings, worn out in the keen Pursuit of Pleasure; Creatures that *know*, *own*, *condemn*, *deplore*, yet still *pursue* their own Infelicity? The decay'd *Monuments* of Error? The thin *Remains* of what is call'd Delight!

IN a word, to suppose *Sense alone* can make a Man happy, is to suppose *Reason* superfluous, which is blasphemous, and absurd: But Sensuality brings such a Grossness on the Understanding, that this Argument will not be so much as *comprehended* by those who have the greatest Need of being *affected* by it. Now the Cause of their not comprehending it, is their total Inexperience, and Ignorance of the Pleasures of *Reason:* Which Ignorance proves this gay, this gallant Creature, this *Patron* of Pleasures, and *Professor* of Delight, (what he little suspects) in Reality, the greatest *Niggard* in Enjoyment, the greatest *Self-denier* in the World.

SECONDLY, *Ambition.* Voluptuousness has its Intervals: When *Sense* is satisfied, it pauses for the Revival of its Flame; like *Eruptions*, it rages, and

rests by Turns: But Ambition, like a *Conflagration* burns on incessant; the more it has, the more it craves; the more it devours, the stronger is its Fury. *Success* but sets it new Tasks, and is as severe to the Ambitious, as *Misfortune* to other Men. Every Difficulty he cuts off, seven rise in its stead: so that the *Character* of the most ambitious Man that ever liv'd, is a proper *Motto* for all his Sons, whose Sport, like the *Leviathan's*, makes a Tempest, and is the Ruin of all about them. *Nil actum reputans, dum quid supereſſet agendum.* That is, It is their Maxim, *To know no Rest.* How differs then *Ambition* from *Slavery?* As severe *Exercise* from hard *Labour*; The Thing is the same, only *here* it is Necessity, and *there* it is Choice; that is, *there*, it is *Wretchedness*, and *Folly* too.

THE *Ambitious* thinks all Happiness is deriv'd from *Comparison*, and that Highest, and Happiest is the same Thing: Nor knows that to be *high*, is not always to be *happy*; but to be *happy*, is always, and truly to be *high*. If his Notion is right, how have the Wisest of all Ages, and all Nations been mistaken? Either they have persever'd in an eternal, and obstinate Error, in asserting *Content* to be Happiness, or he is not happy at all; for Ambition imports an Absence, nay, a Disdain of *Content:* And indeed it has the Glory, if 'tis a Glory, of being far from it. Disappointment in small Things, gives the Ambitious no small Anxiety; Success in great, no great Satisfaction, because there remain still greater Things than These; and while his Heart burns at some mighty Point in View, it robs him of the Relish of those considerable Enjoyments which Nature indulges to the meanest of her Children. The *Spring* has no *Beauty*, the *Autumn* has no *Taste*; much less has *Wisdom*, or *Religion*. He is not altogether incapable of Repenting of Religion, and thinking his Prayers a Loss of Time.

Time. Too just, I fear, is this Observation, which makes a Passage in *Aristotle* extremely remarkable, who recounting the Vices incident to the great Men of his Age, says, "*Indevotion* was not one of "them, but that they were addicted to the Wor-"ship of the Gods, on account of the Riches which "they had receiv'd from them." But to return, The Violence of the ambitious Man's Desires sets him at a Distance from himself; he is never at home to the present Hour, but reaching, and gasping at Joys to come; all in possession is contemptible. To what amounts then his violent Affection for those Objects he pursues? To a strenuous Endeavour, by making them his *own*, to render them *contemptible* as fast as he can; that is, He seeks at once to *gain* a Blessing, and to *destroy* it: Nor in this only does the Ambitious appear to thwart his own Purposes, as will appear immediately.

BUT First, let us observe that he cannot be extremely happy in the *very Exercise* of his Dominion, that fullest Gust of all his Desires; when he stands surrounded with many Circles of expecting, anxious Beings; the whole Nest gaping-wide, while he can allay the Cravings but of Few. He has not Morsels for them all. If he has any Humanity, it must touch it, to see himself besieg'd with eager Visages, secret Pains, repining Hearts, disappointed Hopes, that will strike deep into the Peace of Families, and carry Distress beyond his *Knowledge*, and *perhaps* beyond his *Conception* of it. Or if these Stings of his Fellow-Creatures touch him not, He is still more to be pity'd.

*SEEK not of the Lord Preheminence, neither of the King in the Seat of Honour.* But call in the Waves of thy Desire, climbing over one another for ever; bid thy proud Heart be still, and say to it, Hitherto shalt Thou go, and no farther: And let it, at least, have the *bounds* of the Ocean, as well as the *tumult* of it.

AMONG *Ambition's Temporal* Evils (for of those only I speak) must be number'd the Terribleness of its Fall, which the Scripture sets in the strongest Light. It shews it in a Flame of Eloquence: In its Stile of Denunciation against it, It shakes Heaven, Earth, and Hell, and shall it not shake the Heart of Man? Give me leave to set down at large, One remarkable Instance of *This*, collected from the Scriptures.

I shall place the *Woe of Babylon* in this Order: God's *Threatning*, His *Word of Command*, The *Execution*, The *Reflection*, The *Consequence*, The *Triumph*.

*The Threatning, or Alarm.* "O Earth! Earth! hear the Word "of the Lord, who is cloathed in a "Vesture dip'd in Blood, and out of his Mouth "goeth a sharp two-edged Sword, and his Coun- "tenance shineth as the Sun in his Strength. Put "your selves in Array against *Babylon*, round a- "bout: O Thou *most Proud!* behold I am against "Thee. Thou hast harden'd thy Heart in Pride. "Thou hast provoked the Eyes of my Glory. "Though Thou shouldst mount up to Heaven, "and fortify the height of thy Strength; Though "thou shouldst exalt thy self as an Eagle, and "build thy Nest among the Stars, I will bring "thee down. O how lofty are thy Eyes? O thou "who dwellest on many Waters! Abundant in "Treasure! Thy End is come. There shall be "*Time* no longer with thee. I have the Keys of "*Hell*, and of *Death*. Though thou art a fair Ce- "dar of *Lebanon*, Though the Fowls of Heaven "make their Nest in thy Boughs, and under thy "shadow dwell all great Nations, and thy Roots "drink many Rivers, and all the Trees of the Gar- "den of God envy the Multitude of thy Branch- "es, thou shalt be but a fading Flower. I will "tread the Wine-press of the Fierceness, and

"Wrath

" Wrath of Almighty God. Wherefore Glorieſt
" Thou thy ſelf in thy Vallies, thy flowing Vallies,
" Thou back-ſliding Daughter? Though thou filleſt
" the Face of the World with Cities, though Thou
" cloatheſt thy ſelf with Crimſon, and deckeſt Thee
" with Ornaments of Gold, and thy Face with
" Painting; in vain Thou makeſt thy ſelf Fair, thy
" *Lovers* ſhall ſeek thy Life. The *Ambaſſadors of*
" *Peace ſhall weep bitterly.* Woe to the Multitude
" that makes a Noiſe, like the Noiſe of the Seas,
" and to the Ruſhing of Nations, like the Ruſhing
" of many Waters. I will cauſe the Arrogancy of
" the Proud to ceaſe, and lay low the Haughti-
" neſs of the Terrible. Though thou art as a youug
" Lion of the Nations, and as a Whale in the Seas,
" They ſhall bring Thee up in my Net. They
" ſhall ſet Thee a Bed in the midſt of the Slain; thy
" Graves ſhall be round about Thee: Becauſe thy
" Children are grown fat, as Heifers at Graſs, and
" bellow as Bulls. I will ſet my Terrors in Array
" againſt Thee, the Arrows of the Almighty ſhall
" be in Thee, They ſhall drink up thy Spirits.
" Though all People, Nations, and Languages
" tremble before Thee, I will ſmite thy Bow from
" thy Left-Hand, and the Arrows from thy Right.
" Give Wings to *Babylon* that ſhe may fly: In vain!
" the *Lame* ſhall take the Prey. I will lay thy Fleſh
" upon the Mountains, and fill the Vallies with thy
" Height. I will water with Blood the Land where-
" in thou ſwimmeſt, the Rivers ſhall be *full* of Thee.
" The Beaſts of the Field, and the feather'd Fowl
" ſhall aſſemble to the Sacrifice on the Mountain;
" They ſhall eat the Fleſh, and drink the Blood of
" Princes; They ſhall be filled at my Table with
" Horſes, and Chariots, and mighty Men of War.
" Though Thou diggeſt into Hell, my Hand ſhall
" take Thee Thence; Though thou climbeſt up to
" Heaven, Thence will I bring Thee down; Tho'
" Thou hideſt in the Bottom of the Sea, I will com-

" mand

" mand my Serpent to bite Thee, *there.* I will send
" up many Hunters against Thee, and they shall
" pursue Thee from Hill to Hill, from Mountain
" to Mountain, They shall roll Thee down the
" Rocks. Thou shalt not lift thy self up in thy
" Brigandine, thy Tackling shall be loosed; Thou
" shalt not strengthen the Mast, nor spread the Sail;
" There is a Cry in the Ships, Though thy Ship-
" board is the Fir Tree of *Senir*, and thy Mast the
" Cedar of *Lebanon*, thine Oars the Oak of *Bashan*,
" and though the *Asshurites* have made thy Benches
" of Ivory; thy Sail fine Linnen with broidered
" Work from *Ægypt*, Blue, and Purple from the
" Isles of *Elishah*; *Zidon*, and *Arvad* thy Mariners,
" and thy Pilots *wise* men. Wilt Thou say before
" him that slayeth Thee, *I am a God?* And when
" in the Fire of my Wrath I put Thee out, I will
" cover the Heavens, and make the Stars dark;
" the Moon shall be confounded, and the Sun a-
" shamed; I will shake the Firmament, and the
" Earth shall be moved out of her Place; Hell from
" beneath shall be moved for Thee, to meet thy
" coming; It shall stir up the Dead, the chief ones
" of the Earth; and raise from their Thrones all
" the Kings of the Nations, The whole Creation
" shall groan! Thy Stars shall fall down round a-
" bout Thee, and be stamped on the Earth.

*The Words of Command.* " THE Lord maketh his Arm bare,
" he hath opened his Armoury, and
" brought forth the Weapons of his Indignation;
" his glittering Spear, and his Shield, and his Cha-
" riots, from between two Mountains, two Moun-
" tains of Brass. The Pestilence goeth before Him,
" and behind Him a flaming Fire. He cometh up
" like a Lion from the swelling of *Jordan*; In the
" Glory of his Majesty He ariseth to shake terribly
" the Earth. The Lord mustereth the Host to Battle.
" Lift ye up a Banner on the High Mountain! Exalt

" the

" the Voice! Shake the Hand! Harneſs the Hor-
" ſes! Get up the Horſemen! Stand forth with the
" Helmet! Put on the Brigandines! Prepare Thee!
" Stand faſt! Go up O *Elam!* Beſiege O *Media!*
" Ye Kingdoms of *Ararat! Minni!* and *Aſhche-*
" *naz!* Ye are my Battle Axe. Come up ye Hor-
" ſes! and rage ye Chariots! and let the Mighty
" Men come forth. Make bright the Arrows! and
" gather the Shields! Ariſe ye Princes! and anoint
" the Buckler! Set up a Standard on the Walls!
" Make the Watch Strong! Prepare the Ambuſh!
" Caſt up a Bank! Call the Archers! Spare no Ar-
" rows! Set the Engines of War againſt her Wall!
" With Axes break down her Towers! Burſt her
" Bars! her Pillars of Iron, and her Walls of Braſs!
" A Sword! a Sword is ſharpened! Ah! It is made
" bright! It is wrap'd up for the Slaughter. Their
" Horſes Hoofs are like Flint; and their Wheels
" like a Whirlwind. Their Arrows are ſharp,
" their Bows bent; the Quiver rattles againſt Thee.
" The Valleys are full of Chariots, the Horſemen
" ſet themſelves in Array at the Entering of the
" Gates. The ſnorting of the Horſes is heard from
" *Media*; the whole Land trembles at the Neigh-
" ing of the Strong. Nations liſt up a Shout a-
" gainſt Her, They ſet their Thrones before Her
" Gates. They roar like a Lion, like a young
" Lion; They roar like the Roaring of the Sea.
" No Man ſhall ſpare his Brother. Curſed is He
" who keepeth back his Sword from Blood.

" Lo! the Shield of the Mighty is *The Execution.*
" made red; the Valiant are in Scarlet.
" The Chariots are with flaming Torches; The
" Fir Trees are terribly ſhaken. They rage in the
" Streets, they juſtle one another in the broad Ways,
" They run like Lightnings, the Prancing Horſes!
" and jumping Chariots! The Horſe is ſtruck with
" Aſtoniſhment; and the Rider with Madneſs. A

" Day

" Day of Wrath, and Diſtreſs; of Deſolation, and " Darkneſs; of the Trumpet, and Alarm! All " Hands are faint; and every Heart melts. Their " Children are daſh'd to pieces before their Eyes; " their Houſes ſpoil'd; their Wives raviſh'd; their " Women with Child are rip'd up. The Blood of " the Souls of the Innocents is upon them. Watch- " man! What of the Night! Watchman! What of " the Night; Enquire! Return! Come! One Poſt " runs to meet another, and one Meſſenger to meet " another to tell the King of *Babylon* that his City is " taken at one End; That the Paſſages are ſtop'd, " the Reeds burnt with Fire, the Men of War af- " frighted. They ſcale the Wall, they climb the " Houſes, Death comes in at his Windows, like a " Thief. The Gates of the Rivers are opened; " the Palace is diſſolved. Pangs take hold on them, " as on a Women in Travail. They are amazed; " Their Faces are as Flames. They are fed with " their own Fleſh; and Drunken with their own " Blood; as with ſweet Wine. Howl O Gate! Cry " O City! *Bell* boweth down! *Nebo* ſtoopeth! *Me-* " *rodack* is confounded! They ſtoop, they bow " down together. Thou ſaidſt, I ſhall ſit a Lady " for ever, I ſhall not be a Widow. Lo! Thy " Sons have fainted, they lie at the Heads of all " the Streets, like a wild Bull in a Net: They are " full of the Fury of the Lord. The Sword de- " vours, it is ſatiate, it is drunk with Blood. At " the Stamping of the Hoofs of the ſtrong Horſes, " at the Ruſhing of the Chariots, and the Rumbling " of the Wheels, the *Fathers* look not back for " their *Children*. The Mighty ſtumbleth againſt " the Mighty, and both fall together. They roar " as Lions, and yell as Lion's Whelps. Her broad " Walls are utterly broken, her high Gates are " burned with Fire: In Fire her People labour; " and labour in vain! Her Mighty Men are taken, " their Bows are broken; I have made her Princes,

" her

" her Wife, and her Mighty drunk with the Cup
" of Trembling. They sleep a perpetual Sleep.
" O Thou Sword of the Lord! How long will it
" be before Thou art Quiet? Put up thy self in the
" Scabbard; Rest, and be still.

" My Sword is filled with Blood; It is *The Reflection*
" Fat; It is bathed in Heaven. With
" the Sole of my Feet have I dried up all the Wa-
" ters of besieged Places. How the Hammer of
" the whole Earth is broken? *Babylon* is Fallen!
" is Fallen! She that was great among the Nations,
" and Princess among the Provinces! The Glory of
" Dominion! The Beauty of the *Chaldee's* Excellen-
" cy! The Golden City, that went out by Thou-
" sands! The Crown of Pride! Alas! alas! That
" mighty City, That was cloathed with fine Lin-
" nen, Purple, and Scarlet; and decked with Gold,
" Precious Stones, and Pearls! She who was cal-
" led the Lady of Kingdoms; That Crowning City,
" whose Merchants were Princes, and her Traffick-
" ers the Honourable of the Earth. That was as a
" Golden Cup in the Hand of the Lord, with which
" He made drunk the Princes of the Earth, and the
" Nations Mad. Thy Pomp, and the Sound of
" thy Viol is brought down to the Grave; the
" Worms are spread over Thee. Thou art become
" an Astonishment, and all that pass by Hiss at
" Thee. Thy Pile is deep, and large, of Fire,
" and much Wood, and the Breath of the Lord like
" a Stream of Brimstone hath kindled it; The Breath
" of the Lord, whose Fire is in *Zion*, and his Fur-
" nace in *Jerusalem*. Thy *Tophet* shall not be quench-
" ed, Night nor Day, the Smoak of it shall go
" up for ever, and for ever. Wild Beasts of the
" Islands shall cry in thy desolate Houses, and dole-
" ful Creatures in thy pleasant Palaces; Satyrs shall
" dance there, they shall cry to their Fellows. It
" shall be an Habitation of Dragons, and the Court



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" of Owls. A Wolf of the Evening ſhall ſpoil
" Thee; and a Leopard ſhall watch over thy City.

" THY King ſpake, and ſaid; Is this not
" great *Babylon* which I have built, for the Houſe
" of the Kingdom, by the Might of my Power,
" and for the Honour of my Majeſty? I will aſcend
" into Heaven; I will exalt my Throne above the
" Stars of God; I will be like the moſt High.
" How art Thou fallen from Heaven O *Lucifer*!
" Son of the Morning! Is this he that weakened
" the Nations, deſtroyed Cities, held Princes Priſo-
" ners, ſhook Kingdoms, made the Earth tremble,
" and the World a Wilderneſs?

*The Conſequence.* " THOU art caſt out of thy very
" Grave. Thy Bones ſhall be ſpread be-
" fore the Sun, and the Moon, the Queen of Hea-
" ven, which Thou lovedſt; and before all the Hoſt
" of Heaven which Thou worſhipedſt. Thy Name,
" Remnant, Son, and Nephew, are cut off. Thy
" Voice ſhall come out of the Ground, like the
" Voice of one that has a Familiar Spirit; and ſhall
" whiſper out of the Duſt. Thy Sons are gone
" down to Hell with their Weapons of War;
" They have laid their Swords under their Heads;
" but their Iniquity ſhall be upon their Bones, tho'
" they were the Terror of the Mighty in the Land
" of the Living.

*The Triumph.* " A MIGHTY Angel took a
" Stone, like a great Mill-Stone, and
" threw it into the Sea, ſaying, Thus ſhall the
" Great *Babylon* be thrown down with Violence,
" and ſhall be found no more for ever. O ye Hea-
" vens be Aſtoniſhed at this! Sing O ye Heavens!
" for the Lord hath done it: Let the Morning Stars
" ſing together; and all the Sons of God ſhout for
" Joy. Allelujah! Allelujah! In a Voice, as of

" a

" a great Multitude, as of many Waters, as of " Mighty Thunderings, Allelujah! Amen, Alle- " lujah! The Lord God Omnipotent Reigneth*.

LET no Man imagine (as ſome ſeem to do) that the *Excellency of his Underſtanding* hinders him from believing a *Revelation*, if He finds not ſomething beyond all *Human* Compoſition, in This. What Fire, what Rapidity, what Elevation, what Enthuſiaſm, what Picture, what Propriety, what Opulence, what Fancy, what Energy, what † *non imitabile Fulmen*, is Here? How Arouzing, how Divine, but how *Terrifying* too, is This? And its ſacred Inſpirer forbid, that the *Ambitious* ſhould read it for their *Pleaſure* only. The fall of Ambition is not only Poſſible, but Probable; nay, the Wiſeſt of Men ſays, *He that exalteth his Gate* ſeeketh his *Fall*. And an Author of great Name, when he is preſcribing Rules for the Ambitious, ſays, That the beſt Rule that can be given them, is, to prepare for a Change of Fortune. *Nebuchadnezzar*, *Julius*, *Sejanus*, *Woolſey*, are only leading Inſtances of fallen Stars; countleſs Multitudes have been involv'd in the like Calamity, from the ſame Cauſe, and fill up the Terror of thoſe notorious Warnings to the Pride of Man.

ON what did *Nebuchadnezzar*, on what does any of his Succeſſors in Ambition ſet their Hearts? On

* Though a ſhorter Quotation would have ſatisfied my preſent Purpoſe, yet ſince I deſign'd *This*, likewiſe, as a Specimen of a Work that endeavours to ſhew, in a manner yet unattempted, the Genius, and Eloquence, of the *Pſalms*, *Prophets*, and *Job*, ſuperior to That of all other Authors, I hope the length will be excuſed. *Prejudice* on one Hand, and *implicite Admiration*, *and Extaſy* on the Other, have left Room, and Occaſion of farther adjuſting the Degree of Eſtimation due to theſe Compoſitions, as Compoſitions; ſome Parts of which have reached ſuch a Height of Perfection, that Human Nature has not Ideas to carry her to a Conception of any thing beyond it. Two Inſtances of this Truth among many, are I think, the ſix laſt Chapters of *Job*, and *Pſalm* the 104th.

† Virg.

*Little Things.* Let any one remove his Eye from the most Magnificent Parade, or Triumph, to the Expanse of Heaven; and instantly, what was Great is Little, what was Publick is Private. The Trumpet, the Plume, all that can enter at *Sense* on the Face of the Earth, seems Annihilated; and to dwell on it, seems creeping into a By-Path, a *digression* from the Grandeur of our Nature, and the true Majesty of Life. Let not this be thought extravagant, it is strictly just. And perhaps the best Reason why a great Part of the Creation which seems of little or no Influence to our Well-being, is notwithstanding within the Compass of our Observation, is, That it should lift the Thought, expand the Soul, disparage the Littleness of Things below, and inflame us with Reflections of a similar Nature to this.

BUT to come close to the Point. What does the Ambitious Man aim at? At Dominion, Principality, and Power; at governing Nations, and making his Name great in the Earth. And who but the Pusilanimous, and Base, shall censure him for *this?* Whatever his Errors are, does he not shew, at least, a *Grandeur of Deportment*, and a *Magnanimity of Heart?* Neither, but altogether the Reverse.

FOR, first, As to *Magnanimity.* There is a Meanness of Spirit in passionately desiring those Things, the *Contempt* of which requires a greater Effort of Mind, (that is a greater Magnanimity,) and bestows a fuller Happiness, than the *Possession* of them. *Magnanimity* is a Resolution able to comply with the Dictates of Reason when most difficult; if therefore Ambition is unreasonable, (as I have shewn) it must be Pusilanimous, I will not therefore call the Ambitious an *Unhappy*, or a *Guilty*, (as I might) but what will touch him nearer, I will call him a *little* Man; and if That does touch him nearer, It will be

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a new Argument to prove that I call him *so* with the greatest Truth.

AS to the Second, *The Grandeur of his Deportment.* That is, his Distance from Subjection, and Servility. What then if it should appear that no Man is so much a Slave? Dominion over Others is indeed his Aim; but by that very Aim he most effectually subjects himself to them. Every one that can retard, or promote his Purposes, has an Awe over him; Is the Object of his anxious Application, and servile Fear; Disciplines his Deportment, and pains his Mind. *Not to expect* is the only Means to be Free, and he is all Expectation, that is, all Slavery; *while Dominion*, nay *because* Dominion is his only Aim. And thus it fares with all irregular Pursuits of Happiness; They contradict the Purpose of God, and therefore must counter-act themselves; for God will not be controuled. He has assigned *other* means of Happiness, and to convince us of it most strongly, they that make not use of *his* Means, but their *own* to that end, shall not only fail of it, but their Endeavours shall be their Hindrance, shall work them backwards, and set them at a greater Distance from it. Thus the *Voluptuary* just mentioned, while he too warmly pursues the *Objects*, most effectually blunts the *Powers* of Appetite. The *Covetous*, while He inordinately desires to become Rich, though he succeeds in all his Attempts, he fails of his End; nay fails of it *by* that Success; God to chastise, and as it were, to insult him too, gives him the *Thing*, but withholds the Enjoyment; nay commands *Abundance* to make him *Poor*. Thus, and thus only can that miraculous Conduct of the Covetous be accounted for, of whom,

THIRDLY, I am about to speak. The Covetous strongly exposes Human Nature by shewing us an Instance in *one* Person, how much She *desires*, and how

how little She *wants*. For who subsists on so Little, who grasps at so much? He mistakes the *Means* for the *End*; *Money* for *Enjoyment*; Nay the means, in his Hands, makes *against* his End, and the *Power* of *Enjoying* is an *Inducement* to *Self-denial*. The Gold that comes into his Possession but *changes* its *Mine*, and is farther from the Light than ever. His *Impiety*, and his *Folly* are equally gross. As to the *First*, He is often in Scripture called an Idolater, because he Worships his Wealth: As to the *Second*, That his Idol, like other Idols of Old, requires severer Service of him than the *true* God; more rigid Austerities than Religion enjoins; His Toils, his Self-denials, his fervent Devotion to *Gain*, is Greater than That which might carry him to *Heaven*. Covetousness is nothing but the Painful *art* of making Industry Sinful, Wealth Indigent, Influence Dishonourable, Life Sordid, Death Terrible, and Heirs Ungrateful without any manner of Guilt.

BUT to set it in the clearest and shortest Light; What is Wealth? a *Security* put into our Hands, That the Enjoyments of this World shall be delivered to us whenever we please, on *that* Title. Now if that Title rather denies, than gives us those Enjoyments, It loses its Nature; It is no longer a *Title* indulged to our Necessities, but it is a *Warrant* served on our Folly, to deliver us over to Wretchedness, to Shame, and to Want. So that the Miser has no *Wealth*.

NOTHING is so strange as Man's inextinguishable Thirst for *More*; Nay, he pants after That which he *has*. For I affirm that infinite Numbers have *sufficient* Means of Happiness already in their Hands, and *sufficient* Means is what they are reaching after; For who needs more? But Men *know not* what they possess. How few have made an Inventory of their own Blessings? How few know what they do *not* want? Hence, *Know*

*thy*

*thy self* was said to come from Heaven: For, without it, no Man can be Content. Our Pains are from our *Desires*, not from our *Wants*. For which most material Truth I shall mention Two Arguments.

FIRST, If we Examine, we shall often find, that after burning with some vehement Desire, we are quieted by *Despair*, as *much*, and perhaps, *more happily*, than we should have been by *Success*.

SECOND, Let some great Pain seize us in our most rapid Pursuit after what we imagine Essential to our Peace, and the ceasing of that *superior Pain* will give us a *momentary* Conviction, that we were *really*, then, Happy, when we *thought* our selves Miserable. But Folly soon reclaims us as her own.

IF we could lay aside but Two Things, First, Our *own Imagination*, which makes us think Things necessary which are not; Secondly, Our Deference for the *Opinion of the World*, which makes us Incapable of being Happy, unless we are *Thought* so, the Majority of Mankind would be much Happier than they, at present, imagine; They would grow Rich *extempore*, and be more indebted to the Removal of an Error in Judgment, than to any *possible* Success they could have in their Pursuits of Wealth. Our Error in the present Case (as in most Others) proceeds from *partial Views*, from not taking in the *Whole*. We look only on those *Above us*, which strains our Hearts in Pursuit, and puts all our Faculties painfully on the Stretch: Whereas if we looked on those *below* us too; It would abate our Ferment, Remit our painful Intention, and inspire quite *new* Sentiments of our own State. Now on our Sentiments (which Few observe) our Happiness depends. It lies in Thoughts, and not in Things. Things are *opaque* Bodies, which have no Light of their own, and are only capable of reflecting to Advantage the

Gayety

Gayety beaming on them from our own Hearts. Hence, the very Unhappy fly Publick, and pompous Scenes of Life; because, while gay to *others*, they are dark to *them*, and therefore, more provokingly so, than *Retreat*. It is not the Man's Business, who desires Happiness, to increase his *Riches*, but to give his *Understanding* so just a Judgment of Things, and his *Affections* so rational a Temper, that He could *not* be more Happy, though he *were* more Rich. Nay some have parted with their Riches for the sake of Happiness. But, *in this*, the Faith of Annals, in the Miser's Opinion, will *labour* very much.

THE Foundation of Error in this Point, is, all our Pains, and Pleasures, are from *Sense*, or *Imagination*, and not from *Reason*. Now Content is an *Art*; I have *Learned* to be Content, says the Apostle. Neither Nature, nor Chance, nor Circumstances can give it. The whole Body of Pagan, and Christian Ethicks are the Rules of this Art. Now the Miser professes an Art directly the Reverse of it. *He* is Wise, (which is another Word for *Happy* in this Case,) who can say I have not much, but no Man has More, for I have all I want. *Socrates* said with Wit, but with Judgment too, "He that needs *Least*, is most like the Gods, who need *Nothing*.

FOURTHLY, I am to speak of the *Vain*. This is the most distinguished Son of Folly, and has the most airy Happiness of them all. His Brothers beforementioned, though themselves to be laughed at, laugh at Him. He seeks his Felicity entirely in the Opinions of *others*, and but rarely finds it there; for the World, by his very Name, has pronounced against him; from the Emptiness of his Pursuit, and the Thinness of his Enjoyment, is he called *Vain*. The Former *Wish* at least for something Substantial, but His very *Wish* is a *Reproach*.

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AS the too Modeſt is pained by being *in* the Publick Eye, He is pained by being *out* of it. What a vaſt Expence is He at to buy Spectators? For to what other End is his ſplendid Perſon, and Equipage, his large Parks, Palaces, Rivers, and Caſcades? How Expenſive? and how Uſeleſs? *Senſe* is too Narrow, it wants Compaſs to take them in; Leſs Things would gratify *That* more. The *Underſtanding* condemns them; Childeſt *Imagination* only approves, and that too but for a Moment; What are theſe Pageantries, but *Larger Toys* with which it Plays awhile, and then grows weary of them? What are they, but huge Monuments of Miſtake, Subjects for Popular Talk, and an Immenſe Tax paid for *Rumour*, for ſure it cannot be called *Fame*?

HOW he Gazes on, and Touches, and Retouches, and a, it were ſollicits his ſhining Ornaments to give him ſome extraordinary Senſation, ſomewhat adequate to the Deſire he indulged *for*, or the Expectation he entertained *from* them; but in Vain. They were much more Powerful in *Idea*, than they are in *Fact*. It is falling in Love with our own Miſtaken Ideas that makes Fools, and Beggars of halt Mankind.

THE *Vain* is a Beggar of Admiration. Begging is an unreputable Profeſſion; but as we are dependent Beings, we muſt all be Beggars in ſome Degree. The Scandal therefore of this Practice depends on two Things, the Character of the Perſon *from whom*, and the Value of the Things *which* we beg. Now the Vain begs from all, even the *moſt Ignoble*; and He begs *Nothing*; I mean, what turns to no Account. He is more Noble that asks *Bread*, than He who asks a Bow, or the Glance of an Eye; for *that* is more worth.

IN what does this Man lay out the Faculties of an Immortal Soul? That Time, on which depends Eternity? That Eſtate, which well diſpoſed of, might in ſome Meaſure, purchaſe Heaven? What is his ſerious Labour, ſubtle Machination, ardent Deſire, and reigning Ambition?—*to be ſeen.* This Ridiculous, but *true* Anſwer, renders all grave Cenſure almoſt Superfluous. If the World was filled with ſuch as Theſe, all Arts, and Engines of Diſcipline, and of Death, for Chaſtiſement of Offence, might ſeem needleſs; let the Law they violate, or the Power they offend, but condemn them to *Retreat.*

BUT to come cloſe to the Point. What is it the *Vain* would have? He would be Admired; He begs an *alms* of Admiration from every Paſſer-by, and his Happineſs *ſtarves* without it. Now what does this Deſire imply? It implies that he cannot be Happy without their Leave. Thus is He by *choice* the moſt Precarious Creature on Earth. The moſt precarious Creature is the moſt wretched, and, therefore, the moſt Precarious by *choice*, is the moſt Fooliſh too; If any will deny that the moſt Precarious Being is moſt wretched, let them conſider that the Reverſe, the leaſt Precarious Being, is the moſt Happy, for That is God: And the farther we are removed from Independency, and Self-ſufficiency, the farther are we removed from that Standard of Wiſdom, and Happineſs.

I SHALL diſmiſs the *Vain* with one Obſervation more. We ought *particularly* to guard againſt this Folly, for a Reaſon very *particular* too. Other Vices are promoted by Vices, but this is often Nouriſhed by *Virtue* itſelf.

THUS have I, I think, proved, That the *Voluptuous* is the greateſt *Self-denier*; That the *Ambitious*

is the greateſt *Slave*; That the *Covetous* has no Wealth; and That the Vain, whoſe Idol is *Admiration*, is the greateſt Object of *Contempt*.

THE Conſiderations which have been alledged to the Diſcredit of Human Happineſs have been, *hitherto*, drawn from General Topicks; *One* remains, That is *too Peculiar*. We have lately loſt our King; That ſad Occaſion firſt ſuggeſted *This Subject* to me, which now, It ſupports with an unwelcome Argument; for when our Sovereign fell, Nature her ſelf emphatically proclaimed "That all below is Vain". Too powerful a Supplement to this Diſcourſe!

WHO, then, art Thou who ſetteſt thine Affections on Things below? Art Thou Greater than the Deceaſed? Doſt Thou value thy ſelf on thy *Birth?* The moſt Highly-deſcended is no more. Doſt Thou value thy ſelf on thy *Riches?* The King of *Britain* is no more. Doſt Thou value thy ſelf on thy *Power?* The Maſter of the Seas, the Arbiter of *Europe* is no more. Doſt Thou Glory in thy Conſtancy, Humanity, Affection to thy Friend, or *Encouragement of Arts?* — But I forbear. It is *Ambition* to be *Grateful*, when Princes beſtow.

HOW lately were the Eyes of all *Europe* thrown on this Great Man? For *Man* let me call him, now, nor contradict the Declaration which his Mortality has made. They that find Him, now, muſt *ſeek* for Him; and ſeek for Him in the *Duſt*. What on Earth but muſt tell us this World is vain, if Thrones declare it? If Kings, if *Britiſh* Kings are Demonſtrations of it? O Majeſty! Thy *Serene Evening* indeed is, cloſed; but, Then, Thou ſhineſt on us in thy *Meridian* Glory.

I SHALL offer one Obſervation on the Death of Princes, which is full to my preſent Purpoſe. A



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Throne is the shining Period, the golden Termination of the Worldly Man's Prospect; *his* Passions affect, *his* Understanding conceives; nothing beyond it, or the Favours it can bestow. The Sun, the Expanse of Heaven, or what lies higher, have no Lustre in *his* Sight, no Room in his pre-engaged Imagination, it is all a superfluous Waste. When therefore his Monarch dies, He is left in Darkness, *his* Sun is set, it is the Night of Ambition with him. Which naturally damps him into Reflection, and fills that Reflection with awful Thoughts.

WITH Reverence, then, be it spoken, what can God, in his Ordinary Means, do more, to turn his Affections into their right Channel, and send them forward to their proper End; Providence, by his King's decease, takes away the very Ground on which his Delusion rose; It sinks before him; his *Error* is supplanted, nor has his *Folly* whereon to stand; but must return, like the Dove in the Deluge, to his own Bosom again.

BY *This*, is he convinced that his ultimate Point of View is not only Vain in its Nature, but Vain in Fact; It not only *may*, but *has* actually failed. What, then, is He under a Necessity of doing, this Boundary of his Sight removed? Either he must look forward, (and what is beyond it, but God?) Or, he must close his Eyes in wilful Darkness, and still repose his Trust in Things which he has *experienced* to be Vain. Such Accidents, therefore, however Fatal to his *Secular*, are the Mercy of God, as to his *Eternal* Interest; and say with my Text, *Set your Affections on Things above, and not on Things on the Earth.*

LET us, now, from the Throne look back, (as from an Eminence,) on the former part of our *Journey*; We have passed the several *Orders*, *Ages*, *Aims*, *Relations*,

*Relations*, *Conſtitutions*, *Tempers*, *Paſſions*, with the four great *Impulſes* of Mankind, and have found but one Report through theſe ſeveral Stages of our Courſe; The various Witneſſes concur, and bring in a full Verdict againſt the Happineſs of Human Life. They declare that all Mankind is united by Miſery, in ſome Degree, as by (what is leſs Melancholy) the *Grave*, to which it leads.

AND can this World enchant us ſtill? And can we be born for *This?* Is This a *Scene* for *Reaſon*, that Emanation of Divinity to doat on? Is this the Fortune, this the Dower to which we ſhould wed an *Immortal Soul?* Where then is the Difference between *Reaſon*, and *Abſurdity?* Between *Immortality*, and the *Beaſts* that *periſh?* Be this their Heaven, (as properly it is,) but not their Lord's, but not Man's.

I SHALL cloſe this Diſcourſe with a Picture of *Life* in *Miniature*, that your Memories may carry it the better: A Picture more Melancholy, than That of this Globe e'er well clear of the *Chaos*; or labouring, afterwards, under all the Wrongs, and Diſgraces, that an Univerſal *Deluge* could inflict.

BEHOLD a World! *Where* the Inhabitants are not differenced by Happineſs, and Miſery; but only by the different *Degrees*, and various *Colours* of Miſery Univerſal: *Where*, the *Memory* is clouded with black Ideas of the Paſt; the *Imagination* over-looks the Preſent; and the *Underſtanding*, through Mercy, is blinded to the Future: *Where*, every *Paſſion* may be called *Legion*, for its Evils are many. *Where*, Men almoſt univerſally lay aſide *Intellectual* Pleaſures; are moſt ardent Deſirers of Happineſs, and yet ſubſiſt it on the moſt impotent Half of their Natures. *Where*, Anxiety of Thought damps ſenſual Pleaſure, and ſenſual Pleaſure increaſes Anxiety of *Thoughts with Regard to the Mind.*

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of Thought, and impairs our Strength to support it, too. *Where*, the Soul and Body are in perpetual Hostilities, aggrieving each other, and external Accidents seem superfluous to our Misery; Thus the poor Man, like devoted *Jerusalem*, besieged without, and divided within, is a Complication of Infelicity.

*To Externals.* *WHERE*, *Success* must be procur'd by our infinite Care, and *Ruin* follows on the Contrary; so that all the sad Choice indulg'd to Mankind, is, of infinite Care, or Destruction. Besides, the more we have of Credit, Wealth, or Power, the more we *may* lose; nor is any Man entirely free from the Apprehensions of it; so that our Possessions *imply*, and *provide* for our Misery. *Where*, an Independent Pleasure is very *Severe*: a Dependent, very Frail. *Where*, *Pleasure* often exacts such Hardships from her Votary, that *Austerity* cannot improve upon them. *Where*, nothing Pleases but in Prospect, and to please in Prospect only, is not to disappoint alone, but to *deride* us, too. *Where*, what *Exalts* the Spirits shortens Life by that Expence, and what *Depresses*, makes the shortest Life too long. *Where*, Days are long, yet Life is Short. *Where*, we stand as in a Battle, Thousands daily falling round us, and yet we forget our own Mortality; nay, are hardened into an Insensibility of it, by these very Proofs of its Approach; and start, like *David*, when we hear, "Thou art "the Man". *Where Experience*, which is *truly* the Greatest Blessing of Life, is the severest Discipline of it, too; and *Diversion*, which is *supposed* a Blessing, only signifies that to our selves we are insupportable. *Where*, *Sorrow* is as the Stem, or Root of Life; *Joy* but as its Flower, expected at remote Seasons only, Then often blighted, or if it Blooms, in Blooming dies. *Where*, all is Vexatious, or Mixed, or Fugitive. *Where*, Pains assault us, Delusions surround us, and Terrors hang o'er us. *Where*,

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we are *Reſtleſs* in Purſuit, *Diſſatisfied* in Fruition, and *Perſecuted* with Remorſe. *Where*, we are ever Purſuing, and ever condemning the ſame Things; ever accuſing *Hope* of its broken Faith, and ever Truſting on; ever gaſping after ſenſual Enjoyments, and ever Impairing our Appetite for them. *Where*, Objects, as well as Appetites decay; or if they laſt, laſt not to us, through the Fickleneſs of our Choice. *Where*, we are yearly burying ſome favourite Amuſement, or Pleaſure; and They that ſucceed are leſs Exquiſite, and full as Mortal. *Where*, we ſpend moſt of our Days in climbing the Hill of our Fortune, which ſuſpends, by Labour, any ſerious Thought; and when we have climbed it, and are about to change Toil for Enjoyment, we ſtart to ſee our Grave ſo near us on t'other Side. *Where*, Life with moſt Men is *to come*, till It is *paſt*.

*To the Profeſſions, and Nature of Things.*

*WHERE*, the grave *Employments* of Mankind are but ſtrenuous Follies; nor differenced from thoſe of Children, but by their Magnitude, and their Guilt. *Where*, the ſeveral Occupations of Life are but Fortifications againſt *Want*, and often frail ones, too. *Where*, among *Profeſſions* are the Lawyer, and the Soldier, Profeſſors of Quarrel and Death; Fortune, and Life their Prey. *Where*, the Infirmities of our *Bodies* demand, and ſupport one Profeſſion; the Infirmities of our *Mind*, Another; and the Miſadventures of our *Fortune* conſtitute an ample Portion in the whole World of Literature. *Where*, the very *Elements* wage War againſt us; and have their Inundation, Shipwreck, Earthquake, Famine, Peſtilence, Volcano's, and Conflagration. *Where* we cannot make way from our Doors, but through the Cries of *Indigence*, or *Diſeaſe*. *Where*, Hoſpitals, and Bedlams are publick *Neceſſaries*. *Where*, the very *Appellations* of a large part of Mankind cannot be *heard* without compaſſion; *Widows!* and *Orphans!*

*Where*,

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*Where*, *Tears* are a Distinction of the whole Species from other Creatures. *Where*, Youth often languishes like a Tempest-beaten Flower, and Age shews its Injuries like a blasted Oak.

*To History.* *WHERE*, *History*, for the most part, is nothing but a large Field of Misfortune, and to dip into almost any Page of it, is, to dip into Blood; Into Blood, Persecutions, Inquisitions, Treasons, Assassinations, Sieges, Servitudes: Or if sometimes a *Triumph* breaks through this general Cloud, as Lightning thro' Night, it vanishes almost as soon; and while it lasts, it is a Proof, and Memorial of Misery: for what is a *Triumph*, but the gay Daughter of Destruction, and Death? *Where*, *Hardheartedness*, and *Lust*, drinking the Tears of believing Innocence, and *Self-design*, and *Treachery*, turning every Virtue of Others, to its own Interest, and the good Man's Ruin, (which abounds in every Record) makes Peace more Cruel than War. *Where*, *Happiness* is such a Stranger, that for many Ages it was *Learning* to seek the true Notion of it; and it was *but Sought*; It was not *Found*, but *Revealed* at last. *Where*, the Pomps, and *Prancings of the Mighty*, are but the Trappings of Woe. *Where*, the most shining, and *envy'd* Characters have few of them died a Natural Death; but furnish Theme of Tragedy for succeeding Generations: Strange! that the same Persons should be the Objects of our *Envy*, and *Pity* too! Strange too! that we should have Sighs sufficient for more Miseries than our own. *Where*, the most Happy would not repeat their Course; and He was justly censured who wept over his Army as Mortal, because not one of that Numerous Host, but might probably *wish*, before be *found* his End. *Where*, among the many Arguments for a *Future* State, the Misery of *This* has been most strongly, and universally insisted on in all Ages; which demonstrates an acute Sense, and too ample a Conviction

viction of it. *Where*, Crowns have been often *Abdicated*; how often, in our own Annals is the *Palace* changed for the *Cloiſter? Where*, *Self-murder*, at certain Periods, has been a Faſhion; nay very extraordinary Methods have been taken to reſtrain even the tender Sex from this Horror. *Where*, half the Travels that have been undertook, half the Deſigns that have been enterprized, half the Volumes that have been written, have been Refuges from Uneaſineſs of Heart; and the *Laſt* are not more the immortal Monuments of human Wit, than of human Infelicity. *Where*, Happineſs is an *Art*, and Content is an *Art*; what Libraries have been written to teach it? Whatever Succeſs they have in teaching *That*, they certainly teach us *This*, that Unhappineſs, and Diſcontent are *Natural*.

*To Friendſhip.*

*WHERE*, a *Smile* is often an Ambuſh, as it was on the Face of *Domitian*, on which it ſeldom ſhone, but when Rancour gathered at his Heart. *Where*, Enmity is Sincere, Friendſhip often a Name; and it is *Ruin* to truſt thoſe, whom not to truſt is almoſt a *Crime*, as a Relation, a Friend, a Brother! *Where*, many fall from Credit, Fortune, Life, with *Cæſar*'s Exclamation, "*And This from Thee?*" *Where*, provoking our Foes has not ruined half ſo many, as Confiding in thoſe of a contrary Character. He needs no Foe, who is entirely at the Mercy of his Friends. *Where*, more Hearts pine away in ſecret Anguiſh for Unkindneſs from thoſe who ſhould be their Comforters, than for any other Calamity in Life. *Where*, Bills of Mortality would ſcarce be mournful, if Bills of private Calamity were in uſe. Who has not ſeen, who has not foreſeen, nay who almoſt, has not felt, a Bleeding Heart? *Where*, Evil Arts uſurp the Name, and Port of *Wiſdom*, though ſcarce worthy to be called *Cunning*. Now Cunning is but the Top of a *Fool*'s Character, and Wiſdom it ſelf is but



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the Bottom, or inferior Part of the Character of an *Honeſt Man*. *Nulla Bona, niſi Honeſta.*

*To Family-Affliction.* WHERE the Honeſt, Confiding Heart takes a Virgin Flower into his Boſom, and often finds a Sting under it. *Where*, the fond Mother, *To-Day*, looks with Tranſport on the Reward of her long Labour, and painful Travail, which changes perhaps, *To-Morrow*, the Cradle for the Grave. *Where*, the feeble Father follows a favourite, an only Daughter, the Delight of his Eye! the Reſt of his Age! to her long Home, which He perhaps has wiſhed for himſelf in vain; and ſheds thoſe Tears on her Aſhes, which ſhould expreſs his Joy for the happy Diſpoſal of her in Life: Or perhaps the Caſe is ſtill worſe, He ſees her Youth, and Beauty, and Innocence fallen into Arms, to him more Dreadful than thoſe of Death. *Where*, the Son of ſome great Houſe, its Hope, Joy, and Support, the ſole Heir, of Riches, Titles, and golden Schemes, falls immaturely, graſped by Death, as the Pillars were by *Sampſon*; and the whole Structure is ſorely ſhaken, if it does not follow on his Fall. *Where*, many a numerous Family lives, in Innocence, Peace, Plenty, Reputation, under the Wing of an indulgent, prudent, and induſtrious Father; the Father dies, they are ſcattered, like a Sheaf of Corn when the Band is broke, and become the Prey of Guilt, Want, Anxiety, and Shame. *Where*, the Comforts of Life have their Pangs; their Jars, Jealouſies, Interruptions, Decays, Extinction. *Where*, Grudge, Animoſity, and Revenge wound deep; but deeper (when They wound) Relation, Friendſhip, Love; for Love has its Barbarities, and frequently may be miſtaken for Hatred by its Effects. There are ſometimes malignant Tempers in Families; ſuch *Domeſtick* Maladies are like Ulcers in the Vitals; Extremities cannot cure them, they cannot be cut off.

*WHERE*,

*WHERE*, the Night is an Idle Dream, and the Day little better. *Where*, every one is *Witneſs*, or *Patient* of Affliction; ever telling ſad Tales of Others, till he becomes a Tale Himſelf; the Tale of a Day! and then is utterly forgotten. He *Liv'd and Dy'd*, is an Epitaph for much the greateſt part of Mankind. *Where*, He that has reached his Meridian is one of a Thouſand, his Friends and Relations lie dead around him; half of his Converſation is gathered from the Tomb. What are the Gay, Young, Beautiful, Brave, Learned, Wiſe, Good, in which He once perhaps was Rich, what are They? a Tear! a Sigh! *Where*, Youth has the Pain of *getting*, Age of *leaving* its Riches; *Affection* being rarely ſtrong enough in us to make the parting with them Agreeable. *Where*, *Fears*, and *Pangs*, only give a Reliſh of the Contrary; and our Pleaſure generally as it riſes *from*, ſo it ends *in* them, too. *Where*, the Pain of *Impatience* turns us over to the Pain of *Satiety*, ſcarce divided by the *Moment* of Delight. *Where*, Pain is oftner ſunk by *new* Pain, than healed by ſupervening Pleaſure? *Where*, Real Evils are *Frequent*; Imaginary, *Perpetual*; And the happieſt Thanks ſome Other's Wretchedneſs, for putting him in mind, that He is not the moſt wretched Himſelf. *Where*, I *was* Happy, a few may poſſibly ſay, I *ſhall* be happy, Moſt ſay, I *am* Happy, None: Now if None are Happy on the Preſent, it is a Demonſtration that Happineſs is abſent from us All. The *Preſent* is All that our Parent Nature, properly, gives us; and That like peeviſh Children, we will not taſte: Thus between the Law of our Condition, and the Perverſeneſs of our Temper, we have nothing at all; we are very Poor, Subſiſting, or rather Starving our thin Happineſs on Dreams, and Shadows of Good to come; perhaps, never to come; certainly, never to come proportionate to our Conceptions of them. *Where*, Man ſnatches ſuch Quick, and Terrible Re- *Mixt Thoughts.*



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ſentment from the ſmalleſt Occaſion, that it reſembles the Diſcharge of Ordnance at the Touch of a Reed. *Where*, to have any Chance for Happineſs a Man muſt *Poſſeſs* the World, or *Deſpiſe* it; Now the Contempt of it, in Him that poſſeſſes it not, is a Cheat, He does *not* heartily contemn it; He miſtakes his Ill-will for Contempt; and what is as Unfortunate, he that poſſeſſes it, *does* contemn it; but not from Wiſdom, but Weakneſs, which has not the Skill to reliſh its Enjoyments, as they deſerve. *Where*, *proud Honour* ſtands in the Place of *meek Religion*, Honour that diſdains Compulſion, and that, conſequently, muſt ſtand, or fall, with Inclination, and Humour; He, therefore, that relies on Honour, relies on Humour; and he that relies on Humour, *is* a Fool, and muſt be a Wretch in the End. *Where*, the two Points the World's wiſe Man aims at, are, Firſt to get the Better of *Natural Inſtinct*, ſo as not to be betray'd by it into any Humanities, in which he does not find his own immediate Account: Secondly, to ſurmount the *Prejudices, and Timorouſneſs of Education*, to throw the Virtues, and Vices into one Heap, *like a Man*; Thence, to be drawn out, *indifferently*, as Intereſt directs; Intereſt, which is his *God*, and his *Bible*, the Cuſtom of the World. *Where*, many Men ſuppoſe you a Knave, or conclude you a Fool; and call you ſo by their Profeſſions of diſintereſted Friendſhip; by which they only mean to ſteal your Affections, and the good Effects of them. *Where*, Compaſſion, with ſome, paſſes for Weakneſs, and you muſt ſuppreſs your Sighs, as in the Theatre, not to be laughed at; he is looked on as an *Ideot*, who is not above being a *Man*. *Where*, Men ſeek not the *Means* of Serving, but an *excuſe* for not ſerving Others; and *Words* change their Nature, and do not *reveal*, but cover the Mind; the *Paſſions* themſelves, thoſe Betrayers of Truth, are taught to *act a Part*; the very *Eye* can lye, and that Natural *Window* of

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the Soul, has a Skreen before it, that you may not ſee through; he only, who diſcovers his *own Intereſt*, gives you a Key to his Heart: In a word, *Where*, the honeſt Man (who alone is worthy of Good) if he judges of Men by himſelf, is Undone. *This* may be called Satire, but, by the ſame Rule, the Scripture is ſo too. *Where*, to diſſemble Injuries, is the greateſt Shock to Nature, and Shame to Honour, yet, at the ſame time, the greateſt *Art of Life*. *Where*, He that has not learned the World muſt go out of it, or be a *Jeſt*, and an *Unfortunate* in it; he that has learned it, has learned it with Diſcipline, and by that time, he is well Maſter of the *Game*, his *Candle is put out*. It is Hard to learn the World, but harder to Unlearn it; and not to Unlearn it, will, one Day, prove *more* Fatal. *Where*, we will not believe *Yeſterday*, but hope favourably of *To-Morrow*; as if then there would be a *New Sun*, a *New Nature*, a *New Self*; They *pray* for That, who almoſt *curſe* its Fellow. *Where*, Sorrow is Fruitleſs, and *Laughter is Mad*. *Where*, at the ſeveral *Tides* of Good Fortune, the *Head* tells the *Heart*, well, now, we are *Happy*, which the Heart ſcarce believes, or believes it *implicitly*: Whenever we ſay to our ſelves let us ſit down, and enjoy Life, we diſcover the Cheat, like one deluded by *Perſpective*, by bringing it to the Touch. *Nothing* will do; Buſineſs, conſidering *Paſſion*, and *Accident*, is a Toil certainly; Idleneſs is worſe; and Books are a weak Reſource; A Man ſhould no more Read, than Eat, without an Appetite; If he does, the Book will be near as much Amuſed, and Edified by the Man, as he by the Book. *Where*, Multitudes, (ſtrange! and ridiculous! but for the Horror of it) complain they have nothing to do, when every *Step* is a Step toward a *Grave*, every *Minute* an Approach to an *Eternity*: Beſides, if Men well knew the Buſineſs of *this* World, and would acquit themſelves like Maſters in it, *Want* of Time would be

be their great Complaint. Nay he that lays down but this one ſimple Rule, That he will be in the Right where-ever he is, or whatever he is about, will never have one idle Moment, though he has not the important Cares of Nations, or even of Families on his Hands.

*WHERE*, the *Paſt* is a very Dream, and the *Future* a ſore Travel. *Where*, the tender Mother ſheds Tears over her helpleſs Infant, and the careful Father pours Groans over them both; Groans conſcious of the Preſent, and preſaging of the Future. *Where*, ſometimes Nations groan, as one Man, under a general Calamity; nor is the whole Earth at all privileg'd from the ſevere Condition of any one Nation of it. *Where*, Nature is perpetually pouring her Children in vaſt Tides out of *Time*, into *Eternity*; and the Survivors take the Evil, and refuſe the Good. They are but the more Melancholy, not the Wiſer for it. *Where*, we are born with Pain, and die with Amazement. *Where*, Life is the *Slave of Miſery*, and yet (moſt ſtrange, and deplorable! the *King of Terrors* is Death.

*Sunt Lachrymæ Rerum, & mentem Mortalia tangunt.*

ALMOST the whole Book of *Eccleſiaſtes* might be tranſcrib'd as a ſcriptural Support of what is here ſaid; and its Author, it is well known, received Wiſdom as an immediate Gift from God, in Superiority to all the Reſt of Mankind.

I SHALL conclude, by ſaying what is moſt true, that human Life is like a diſhoneſt Creditor, it puts off our *Youth* and *Manhood* with Lyes from Day to Day, then owns the Cheat, and gives our *Age* an abſolute denial.

*The Deſcription of human Happineſs.*

IF this Account is juſt, as I think it is, What is *human Happineſs?*

*neſs?* A Word! a Notion! a Day-dream! a Wiſh! a Sigh! a Theme to be talk'd of! a Mark to be ſhot at, but never Hit! a Picture in the Head, and a Pang in the Heart of Man. *Wiſdom* recommends it gravely, *Learning* talks of it pompouſly, our *Underſtanding* liſtens to it eagerly, our *Affection* purſues it warmly, and our *Experience* deſpairs of it irretrievably. *Imagination* perſuades ſome that they have found it, but it is while their *Reaſon* is aſleep; *Pride* prevails with others to boaſt of it; but it is *only* a *Boaſt*, by which they may deceive their Neighbours, but not themſelves; *Felicity of Conſtitution*, and *Suavity of Manners* make the neareſt Approach to it, but it is *only* an *Approach*; *Fortune*, the *Nature of Things*, the *Infirmities of the Body*, the *Paſſions of the Mind*, the *Dependence on Others*, the *Prevalence of Vice*, the very *Condition of* (uncorrected) *Humanity* forbids an Embrace. Wine, Beauty, Muſick, Pomp, Study, Diverſion, Buſineſs, Wiſdom, all that Sea or Land, Nature or Art, Labour or Reſt can beſtow, are but poor Expedients to heave off the inſupportable Load of an Hour from the Heart of Man; the Load of an *Hour*, from the Heir of an *Eternity*! If the *Young*, or *Unexperienced*, or *Vain*, or *Profligate* only, were Subject to this Weakneſs, it were ſomething; but when the *Learned*, and *Wiſe*, and *Grave*, and *Gray* — It ſhocks! it mortifies! and with Shame, and Pity, my Mind turns from its Purpoſe, and goes *backward* with Reverence to throw a Veil over the Nakedneſs of my *Father*. In a Word, the true Notion of *human Happineſs* explained, is it ſelf one of the ſtrongeſt Proofs of our Miſery. For how can we ſpeak more adequately of it, than by ſaying, it is *That* of which our *Deſpair* is as *Neceſſary*, as our *Paſſion* for it is *Vehement*, *and Inextinguiſhable*. Now *ardently* to *Thirſt*, and *unavoidably* to *Deſpond*, with Regard to the ſame Thing, and that Thing of *conſequence Supream*, is

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the Conſummation of Infelicity. I know but one ſolid *Pleaſure* in Life, and that is our *Duty*. How *miſerable*, then, how unwiſe, how unpardonable are They, who make that *One* a *Pain*?

THE Purpoſe of this Diſcourſe, as expreſs'd in the Beginning of it, was to put this World in the Ballance; and examine the Value of *Things on the Earth*. Now ſuch as is repreſented, not aggravated, through the whole preceeding Diſcourſe, *is* the *general* State of Mankind; but it is a State of their *own Choice*; and it *may* be, though not wholly revers'd, abundantly reliev'd, exceedingly brighten'd from the Clouds, the thick Darkneſs that hangs upon it; as I ſhall endeavour to make manifeſt in the following Diſcourſe; and thus *vindicate Providence* from prevailing Imputations; and by laying the *two Counter-Parts* together, infer *a true Eſtimate of Human Life*.

*FINIS.*